



No. 19.—VOL. II.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1893.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.

THE MARRIAGE OF LORD SETTRINGTON.

The ducal house of Richmond and Gordon will be the centre of all eyes to-morrow in the world of fashion, for the grandson of his Grace, Lord Settrington, is to marry Miss Hilda Brassey, the eldest surviving

celebrated there for some time. But it has more interest than mere fashion can give it, for it is well known that the Duke of Richmond stands very high in the Queen's counsels. Indeed, but for the overshadowing imminence of the royal wedding, this alliance of the houses of Richmond and Brassey would be quite the event of the season. The church will be beautifully decorated, and additional interest will be



MISS HILDA BRASSEY.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street, W.C.

daughter of the late Mr. Henry Brassey, and niece of Lord Brassey. Mr. Henry Brassey, who was the youngest brother of Lord Brassey, was M.P. for Sandwich from 1868 to 1885. He died just two years ago, leaving three sons and six daughters. The eldest son, Mr. Henry Brassey, who, of course, came into possession of the family estates at Preston Hall, Aylesford, is a lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, Lord Settrington holding a similar rank in the same corps. He will give his sister away, while the Hon. Nigel Walsh, Lord Ormathwaite's son, will be best man.

The wedding will take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and promises to be as pretty as any of the many fashionable marriages that have been

given to the ceremony by the musical portion of it, several pieces having been specially composed for the occasion. Ten bridesmaids will attend on the future Lady Settrington, including some very tiny maidens, who will be charmingly dressed. Miss Brassey's wedding gown will be of the richest white satin, with the newly fashioned plain skirt and a full Court train of white and silver brocade falling from the shoulders. It will be of a novel and very handsome design. The bodice is of silver embroidery, with a fichu of fine old family lace.

Lord Settrington attained his majority in December 1890. The event was marked by great rejoicings all over his grandfather's vast estates, both in England and Scotland, the only flaw in the celebrations being

the absence of Lord Settrington, who was abroad at the time for his health. His Lordship's title is almost as old as the dukedom of his family itself. The first of the line was Charles Lennox, natural son of Charles II. by the lady who afterwards became Duchess of Portsmouth. He was created by his father Duke of Richmond in 1673. Indeed, his frolicsome Majesty showed no bounds to the generosity which he displayed towards his offspring. Titles galore were heaped on the Duke, to say nothing of the grant of twelve pence for every chaldron of coals sold or shipped from Newcastle-on-Tyne. This was a source of great wealth to the family, but the Treasury purchased the concession in 1799 for an annuity of £19,000. The Gordon strain of blood in the Richmonds began more than a century ago, when that marvellously clever matchmaker, Jane, Duchess of Gordon—whose attempts to inveigle the indolent Beckford of "Vathek" fame form as amusing an incident as the history of marriage-making contains—wedded her daughter



LORD SETTRINGTON.

to the fourth Duke of Richmond. The Gordon dukedom became extinct on the death of the latter lady's brother, and remained dormant for a long time, but in 1876 Lord Beaconsfield revived it in the person of the present Duke of Richmond. A good deal of surprise was shown, especially in the north, at the time, for it was thought the Marquis of Huntly, the head of the Gordons, and hereditarily the "Cock of the North," had a prior claim. But the Duke's admirable conduct as a landlord has long reconciled his northern tenants—if, indeed, reconciliation was necessary—to his acquisition of the title; he had come into the estates long before. Lord Settrington, as noted, is a lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, of which his father, the popular Earl of March, has long been colonel. Like his father, who is Master of the Goodwood Hunt, Lord Settrington is an ardent sportsman. In his grandfather's deer forest, Glenfiddoch, away in the north of Scotland, he is reputed one of the best shots that ever stalked a royal stag. Familiar with the fast-flowing Spey from his early years, he is an expert angler. Great rejoicings will be held all over the estates to-morrow. The happy couple will spend their honeymoon at Molecomb, Chichester, the residence of Lord March.

THE LADIES' DINNER.

Six or seven male journalists having expressed their readiness to act as waiters at the too exclusive literary ladies' dinner, described in another column, one of the exclusives sends us the following—

THE MUSES TO THE WOULD-BE WAITERS.

Presumptuous Seven, would ye propose
Around about our board to close
Where wisdom caters,
Our flow of soul to overhear,
And at our reason's feast to jeer
In guise of waiters?
Or would ye (and this well might be)
Store up our brilliant *jeux d'esprit*
While handing taters?
And in the morning send to *Punch*
Our jokes, that you might earn a lunch,
False-hearted waiters!
Or ye may think—we smile in scorn—
Our simple pleasures to adorn
And render greater:
Ere this should be, each one of you
Must pass thro' ages not a few
A hopeless waiter!

TERRA-COTTA.

A CHAT WITH MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

I was by no means loth to call on Mrs. Campbell on receiving instructions from the editor of *The Sketch*, as it gave me the pleasurable opportunity of renewing an acquaintance formed during the time that this queen of melodrama was reigning supreme on the Adelphi boards. Since then she has recovered from a severe illness, which has left her even more *spirituelle* than she was previously. I am quite sure that only a refined, nervous temperament could adequately interpret the part of Paula Wray in its psychological complexities, while the same sincerity of heart which dominates Mrs. Campbell's daily life necessarily animates the portraiture of any part allotted to this talented actress. Indeed, she cannot divest herself of it, and so the hearty welcome she accorded to me I greatly valued.

"Of course, it would be a mere commonplace to congratulate you on your triumph as Mrs. Tanqueray, after the many acknowledgments you have received," I ventured to remark, as I seated myself opposite the supple figure, clad in a russet plush tea gown, making a perfect harmony in colour.

"Congratulations of old friends are always acceptable," she replied, "but I really seem living through a series of surprises, so that I am not quite sure if I'm awake. No one is more astonished than myself that I have been so satisfactory, for I felt myself very inadequate to undertake the part."

"Mr. Alexander's choice of you ought to have been sufficient assurance, for no one is more clever at 'spotting a winner,'" I replied.

"So they say, but for all that I was very terribly nervous on the first night."

"That may have been partly due to your illness, for you have been long a first favourite in the Strand."

"Yes, but with a totally different audience, you must remember."

"Well, that's true, but your Adelphi parts gave you an excellent apprenticeship to render the character you now play."

"Very likely. However, I don't think that some of the papers, although they eulogise me, quite understand my assumed rôle. They seem to regard me as irretrievably bad, whereas I am yearning to lead again a better life; but circumstances handicap me by the dulness of my Surrey life, and prostrate me finally by my being brought face to face with episodes of my past career which wreck the happiness of others."

"And so your nobility of soul, failing to find a way out of the darkness, induces you to cut the Gordian knot by suicide. I admit that I would rather more encouragement had been given to those willing to reform; but I suppose that would have been only offering a premium to vice."

"I suppose so. Anyway, the story shows that I suffer in direct proportion to the good that is in me."

"Of course, you feel that you have made a great stride in your profession?"

"Distinctly. I have never had to pourtray such a subtle part before, nor in a play which makes such a landmark on the chart of dramatic literature."

"I daresay the Italian blood in your veins assists you in your histrionic art?" I remarked, as I regarded Mrs. Campbell's wealth of dark hair, caught up into a careless knot, and met the gaze of her southern eyes.

"Possibly; but, remember, the greater the intensity of my sympathy with my part the greater the strain on my physique."

"And the play will run any number of nights, think of that," I remarked in the character of a Job's comforter.

"Well, it will be with a very agreeable company, under very pleasant managership, and before a very appreciative audience," she retorted spiritedly.

"I am very glad your lines have fallen in such pleasant places. However, it is not more than you deserve. I daresay you still remember the time when Clement Scott discovered you at Colchester, some years ago, and he is generally right in his judgment," I remarked.

"Of course, I do, and I remember besides many other kind friends on the Press who have not passed me over, but have given me more praise than I deserve, though none the less appreciated." T. H. L.

AN ANTI-GIRL SOCIETY.

"I lub a lubly girl, I do," is a song that the young man of the Californian town of Bridgeport finds himself unable to sing. In fact, they don't "lub" any girl, for they have formed an anti-girl society. No member of this organisation shall, unless on extraordinary occasions, walk the streets with a girl; neither shall a member accompany a girl to the opera; nor shall he engage in conversation with one; nor shall he pass remarks about the attire of the gentler sex, or read love stories. Under such conditions the town of Bridgeport can have no bard.

MRIOUS.

She frowned on him and called him Mr.,
Because in fun he'd merely Kr.,
And then, in spite,
The following nite,
This naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.—*Life*.



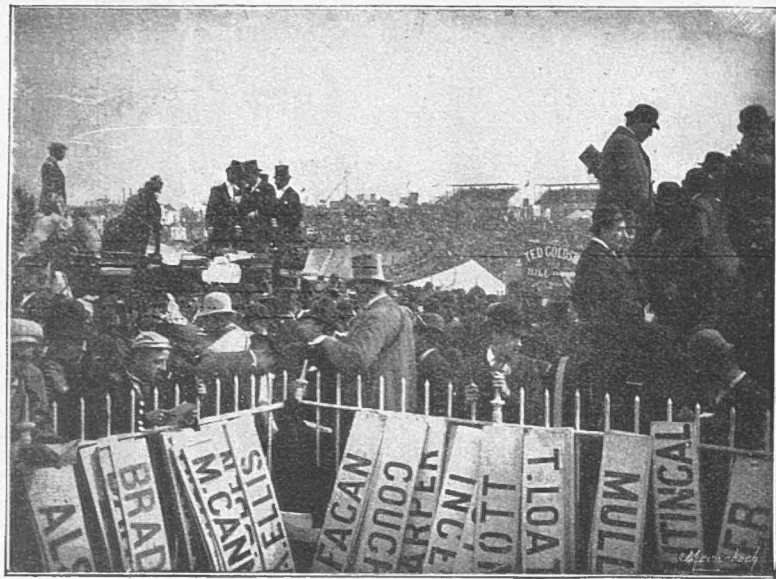
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE DERBY.

Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

"A good Derby," said an old racegoer, after the victory of Isinglass last Wednesday, "is like a popular play—it ends happily." And he went on to insist that the essence of a great race is a victory for the favourite who starts at odds on. If such be the canon of Epsom, the Derby of 1893 fulfilled it admirably. There was not a sporting prophet in the country who was not convinced on the morning of the Wednesday

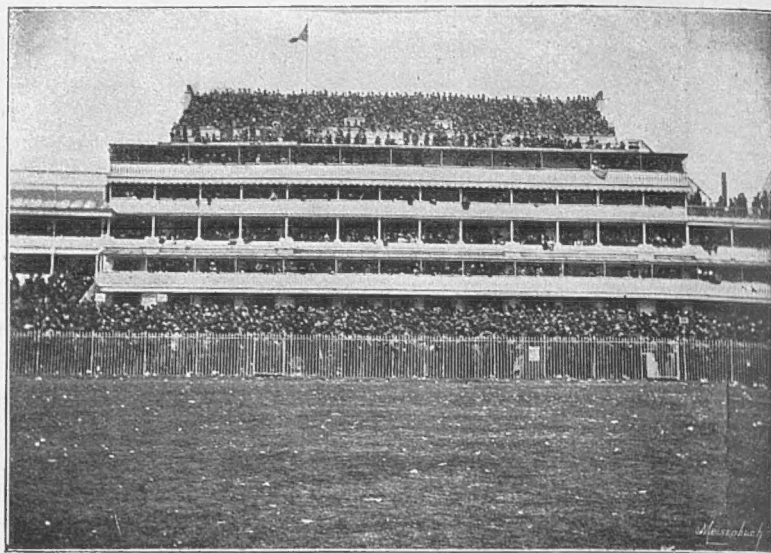


SCENE ON THE COURSE.

that Isinglass would win; there were not even shufflers to choose one horse in a cross-line, and to prove in a subsequent paragraph that three others must beat him. Whole, united, even enthusiastic, the sporting papers "went for" Mr. McCalmont's bay colt, who had won three races as a two-year-old, and whose victories in the Two Thousand Guineas and the Newmarket Stakes this year were so convincing and so easy. Nor did they mislead the hundreds of thousands who jogged Epsom way on the day of the Derby, and who there displayed their confidence in the oracle. Never for a moment was the race in doubt, and although the black sleeves and cap of J. Watts, who rode the Duke of Portland's Raeburn, were alarmingly prominent at the distance, the roar of the bookmakers died upon their lips when Loates whipped the son of Isonomy by Deadlock, and he answered to the call with a great effort and an indisputable victory.

This roar of the bookmakers, especially of the great horde upon the hill, whose spotless hats and variegated coats emphasised their claim to be the only Browns or the only Smiths, was one of the features of the meeting. It rose up at a time when the great multitude who had backed Isonomy—a multitude making the hillside black, and a dense, impenetrable mass from the stands to Tattenham Corner—had held its breath in the fearful conviction that the favourite had gone down. We had seen the flash of the colours round Tattenham Corner, where William, for a moment, appeared to lead, only to be headed immediately after by Raeburn and by Isinglass. We had seen an excellent bit of horsemanship by Loates as the Duke's colt went wide coming down the hill, and the inside berth was taken smartly by Mr. McCalmont's horse; we had seen the pair cross the road side by side; we had watched the great rush which Watts made, and the momentary falling away of the Eton football jacket—the scarlet and blue which the jockey of Isinglass carried. All this had made us tremble for those shillings of ours then reposing in the pockets of the only Jones, and he in his turn raised up a hopeful shout to heaven, being joined in it by such of his fellows who were not changing coats behind the tents. In a moment the cry was taken up by the greater crowd, and was resounding all along the line, "The favourite's beaten! Raeburn wins!" A great, wailing shout of surprise it was, but enduring not,

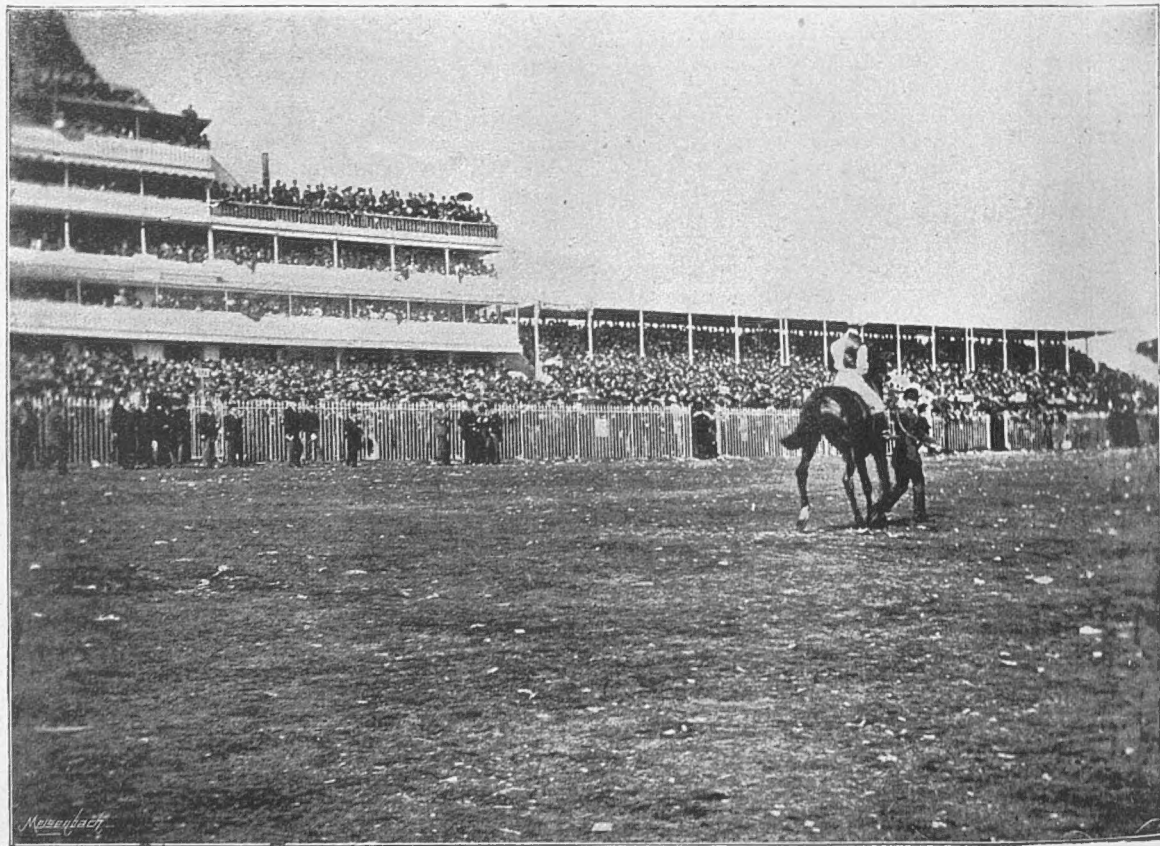
as another fiercer, louder, more confident note told that Isinglass had done as he had been asked to do, and at the first touch of Loates's whip had overcome the danger of the supreme moment. Mr. Rose's Ravensbury, it is true, had yet to be dealt with, the bay colt coming at a great pace from the distance; but to those in the stands the fear of the others opposite was unknown. The judge's verdict was a length and a half; the verdict of the enclosure was a win at the last almost in a canter, and as the great horse was led back, and Loates went to weigh, the cheers arose as only they rise for a favourite at Epsom for one who has carried the people's money and has safeguarded it.



THE GRAND STAND.

It has been said of this Epsom Meeting that it was lacking somewhat in those "fun-of-the-fair" characteristics which have been considered the very heart and core of the Derby's attraction. In the same breath the people who thirsted for more jugglers tell us that Mr. McCalmont's victory was not received with that exuberant vociferation which has marked the victory of the favourite in other years. Both these objections may be dismissed as frivolous. I have rarely heard more hearty or more prolonged cheers; have never known a victory more generally popular than that of the old Etonian; have never seen the hillside more densely packed with those human appurtenances to a successful meeting. Let the gentlemen who say that the finer shades of vicious accompaniment were lacking be reassured. I could have taken them to a hundred spots where they would have lost their watches in a moment, or have satiated them with the unmelodious rendering of the "Bow-wow," or have given them of juggler's wares enough to last a lifetime. Indeed, the race revived much that was best in the Derbys of the past decade.

M. P.



ENTER THE FAVOURITE.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"LEIDA," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Those in whom the artistic impulse is implanted resemble wild birds: try to cage them and clip their wings, and, like the starling that the "Sentimental Journey's" hero saw in Paris, they will distract you by incessantly calling, "I can't get out—I can't get out," or will die as do nightingales, which, if caged, beat their heads to pieces at the approach of spring.

Leida was a young girl in whose blood was the artistic impulse. Her mother was an opera singer, whose talents were forgotten by the family in the remembrance of her frailty; yet she had concluded her career by a marriage of which Leida was the fruit, and ere the girl was six years old the light-hearted creature with a "robust conscience" had passed away from life, taking with her the rash man who had essayed to balance a list of lovers by a husband. The orphan was brought up by her grandfather, a weak-minded old man, rigidly ruled by his unmarried daughter, Saar, who conscientiously did her best to crush down all poor Leida's longings for a free, exciting life, and tried to find vent for her niece in the darning of stockings.

It happens that darning stockings does not prevent day-dreaming, and even reading, and poor Leida managed to fill her mind with a wonderful farrago of false ideas and true ones misunderstood from books and plays. Yet even at the age of seventeen she remained wonderfully ignorant for a person of her knowledge. She had vague ideas that distracted her about love and life and a host of disconnected facts—the dry bones of knowledge. One of her many sources of unhappiness and happiness was her mother's memory. Naturally, the poor girl was kept in ignorance of her parent's past, and she had a sort of hero worship for the too philanthropic opera singer, and yet a deep distress in the fact that her questions were always answered in a way which showed that something was being concealed.

Leida had an uncle, George Wielrave, a half-brother of her mother, who was one of the scamps of the family. He was a young man who adopted the principles propounded in Catulle Mendes' wickedly named "La Vie Sérieuse," and probably studied with great disadvantage the writings of Armand Silvestre and other perverted Epicureans of the day. He was an opera singer, and appeared to be as willing to sing for kisses as for banknotes. When Leida was just about sweet, sentimental seventeen he paid a visit to the house, and, charmed by his pretty niece, accepted Aunt Saar's grudging invitation to stay a few days.

Now, the civil law of Holland, as well as of several other foreign countries, not only allows marriage with a deceased wife's sister, but also goes so far as to permit uncle and niece to wed. Consequently, one must not be shocked at finding George and Leida soon in love with one another; however, they determined to keep the matter a secret, for both knew that Aunt Saar would never consent to a marriage. Moreover, Leida, like our old friend Lydia Languish—is Leida Dutch for Lydia?—did not want a humdrum marriage; she longed for an elopement, and was eager to fly away in the dark on a swift horse, though she had never attempted to ride. Nevertheless, our lovers were incautious, and were caught kissing one another in a manner that opened Aunt Saar's eyes, so she resolved to "give Leida a talking to," and in the course of carrying out her resolution she told the poor girl that her mother was an immoral woman.

Leida, learning from George that her aunt had spoken the truth, banished her mother's memory from her heart, and thought of nothing but George and of preparing herself to be his wife. Now, George, after the first glow of love-making, found the position a little irksome: he had no wish to marry anybody—in fact, the idea of wedding even his charming little niece frightened him, but he did not see his way out of his difficulty without acting with a brutality foreign to his nature. However, luck, rather than design, put him into the position of being able to act upon the very bad advice given in Catulle Mendes' story called "Rompre," which, in a word or two, is: if you want to get out of a love affair from delicacy of feeling to the lady, you ought to behave so badly that she will kick you out. A pretty milkmaid—not one of those carthorse-like young ladies with big men's boots that we see in London—came to the house, and George, who had no aristocratic prejudices where pretty lips were concerned, insisted upon giving her a kiss, but had to fight for it. Leida saw this episode, and it put at once a meaning upon all her vague ideas of life, and gave her an idea of what her mother was and George had been.

Saddened, shocked, and grown from girlhood to woman's estate in a minute, poor Leida ordered George to go, and he, nothing loth, obeyed almost without demur. Then she told her aunt and grandfather that home life as they understood home was no longer possible, and set out to try her fortune in the lottery of the stage.

The play of which I have just told the story is the first work of a Dutch lady, called Josine Holland, and it has been excellently translated by her compatriot, Mr. Teixeira de Mattos. The subject is so slight that immense ability is needed to make the play quite successful, and this ability the author has hardly shown. Yet there is much to commend in "Leida": the girl's character is very ably drawn—in fact, it has touches of nature which prove that within a certain range the author possesses genuine powers of observation. The

other characters, however, do not show much quality of drawing, though, perhaps, there is no very noticeable defect in them. Judging it as a whole, I venture to say that it is an immature work, which exhibits a little courage and originality, but no very great amount of force. The acting was hardly up to the Independent Theatre Society's standard. Miss Martha Conyngham, an American actress, new to us, showed some talent in the part of Leida, but at present has not the style needed for such an exacting task. Miss Henrietta Cowen, Miss Charlotte Morland, and Mr. Bassett Roe did good work that can hardly be called brilliant. E. F. S.

Penley the penman is not a patch on Penley the player, for the farce, "Tickle and Scrubbs," which he has written with Mr. Frank Wyatt, and produced at the latter's theatre, is not very funny. A solicitor, his two clerks, and a wife figure in it, the clerks being stage-struck youths—every actor, of course, begins life in a solicitor's office—who "make up" when they should be writing down their master's instructions. The funniest part of it all was clerk Scrubbs's (Mr. Cairns-James) extraordinary similarity to Mr. Penley himself, and clerk Tickle's (Mr. Arthur Playfair) imitation of the worst melodramatic methods.

The late Mr. Samuel Brandram would have made an excellent actor if he had not turned his attention to the art of the reciter. For twenty years he did work that would have done credit to any actor, and still more to any philanthropist, but he died poor, leaving a wife and five children unprovided for. Lord Brassey and Sir Arthur W. Blomfield have organised a fund to help Mrs. Brandram, and they are worthy of every support.

Mr. Ruskin has said so many things in his lifetime, has contradicted himself so persistently and so resolutely, that the publication of some hitherto unpublished letters, written about the same time as the publication of "Modern Painters" will appeal to the public with a curious and personal kind of interest. At this time of day, indeed, we are not inclined to take everything that Mr. Ruskin has said with an entire and perfect attention; nevertheless, we are all interested in the past, and the artistic past, so far as Mr. Ruskin is concerned, comes with a distinct appeal to the public—an appeal which, despite all things, we cannot ignore.

The National Gallery has acquired two works by William Cornelius Duyster, which now hang in the Octagon Room. He is an artist little enough known, and very few authentic works by this master are extant. One of these pictures has for its subject a game of tric-trac; the other is described as "a design of great spirit," and has for its subject a fight of armed men.

LYCEUM. MR. HENRY IRVING, Lessee and Manager.
OLIVIA, To-day, Wednesday, at 2. THE LYONS MAIL, To-night, Wednesday, at 8.20. BECKET, by Alfred Lord Tennyson, To-morrow, Thursday, and Friday Nights, at 8.20. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, next Saturday Morning, June 10, at 2. THE BELLS, next Saturday Night, June 10, at 9.10. Preceded, at 8.20, by A REGULAR FIX. OLIVIA, Wednesday Morning, June 14. THE LYONS MAIL, Wednesday Night, June 14. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5. Seats also Booked by Letter or Telegram. LYCEUM.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE TO DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY,
via HARWICH and ESBJERG.—The United Steam-ship Company of Copenhagen Steamers sail from Harwich (Parkston Quay) for Esbjerg, every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 9.3 a.m. Returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the steam-ships Koldinghuus and Botnia. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

CHEAPEST CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY. Brussels and Back 29s., the Ardennes, 35s.; Switzerland, 97s., &c., via Harwich and Antwerp, by Great Eastern Railway Company's steamers every week-day.

NEW SERVICE, via the HOOK of HOLLAND, daily (Sundays included).
Through carriages from Liverpool Street Station at 8 p.m.; Birmingham (New Street), 4 p.m.; Manchester (London Road), 3 p.m.; York, 3.40 p.m. (in connection with Express Trains from the Midlands, the North, and Scotland), direct to Harwich. Dining Car from York. Hamburg from Harwich by G.S.N. Company's steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Combination Tickets and cheap tours to all parts of the Continent. Read "Walks in the Ardennes," price 6d., at all Bookstalls. Particulars at 61, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.

Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1893.

Any person unable to attend Divine Worship on that day is requested to send his or her Contribution to the Lord Mayor. Cheques and Post Office Orders made payable to the Secretary, Mr. Henry N. Custance, should be crossed "Bank of England," and sent to the Mansion House.

METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.

Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY OF 1893 is JUNE 11.

The Council invite all persons who may be temporarily out of London, or on Holiday Excursions, to send their contributions to the Lord Mayor or to Mr. H. N. Custance, the Secretary, at the Mansion House, E.C.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The royal marriage takes place on July 6, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace.

The Queen's birthday was officially celebrated on Saturday. Not the least interesting ceremony, for it was unique in the history of Volunteering in the Home District, took place at Westminster, when 600 gentlemen who had formerly belonged to the Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers took up the rifle again. The parade was arranged in furtherance of the idea of forming a reserve in connection with the Volunteer force. The "veterans" marched past to the appropriate strains of "The Boys of the Old Brigade."

Princess Christian has been charming the people in Edinburgh and Glasgow with her interest in hospital work. On Thursday she took part at Edinburgh in the Scottish National Branch of the Royal British Nurses' Association, of which she is president. On Friday she was warmly welcomed in Glasgow.

The notable feature about the birthday honours is the recognition of the Fourth Estate, though, of course, the political element is largely at play also. Three of the nine baronets and five of the sixteen new knights are intimately connected with journalism.

Feudalism dies hard. In the death of Mr. Francis Scaman Dymoke, of Scrivelsby Manor, we are reminded of the hereditary office of Queen's Champion, which he held. The Champion's duty, not exercised for many a long day, is to ride up Westminster Hall during the Coronation banquet, and, flinging down the gauntlet, inquire whether anyone is prepared to contest the right of succession.

It will be a relief for Mr. Gladstone to learn that "the man from Sheffield," William Henry Townsend, will no longer annoy him with letters about the "cursed Bill," or watch his comings and goings, equipped with a revolver. The unfortunate anti-Home Ruler is to be detained during her Majesty's pleasure.

The literary ladies dined together at the Criterion Restaurant on Tuesday, and the Incorporated Society of Authors followed suit at the Holborn on Friday. Sir Robert Ball, who presided, had a dig at the Geographical Society when he said the authors had no admirals and captains who desired to thrust the ladies forth.

"He was freely hissed on leaving the box." That was how Mr. George Dibley, who was auditor of the Liberator Society between 1869 and 1879, was rewarded for evidence he gave at the public examination of the directors and officers of the society on Thursday.

"A dear old Dutch!" That is what might be said of the Franz Hals over which there has been a dispute in the Law Courts. An art dealer bought it at the sale of Lord Braybrooke, of Audley End, for £3000, and sold it to a firm of picture dealers for £4500. The latter did not think this Dutch old enough to be Hal's work, and wanted to rescind the bargain. After a struggle in the Queen's Bench Division they have agreed to keep the picture for £3500, with £500 to pay in costs. It's a dear old Dutch, all the same.

The London County Council have become evictors, as they have turned out eight or nine families from houses in Bethnal Green. The step was only charitable, for the premises were liable to fall at any moment.

The Roberts-Ives billiard match, illustrated elsewhere, has resulted in a win for the American champion by 2179 points.

While the general health of Birmingham has been steadily improving, the infantile death-rate has shown no diminution. The medical officer of health of the city has been inquiring into the matter. He thinks that the social rather than sanitary agencies must be looked to for reducing this rate.

The past week has been marked by some very destructive fires—three of them in London. On Saturday the offices of the *Western Mail*, Cardiff, were gutted, the damage being put down at £100,000.

A NEW DISINFECTANT.

Under the name of Izal the world is presented with a new disinfectant, for which so much is claimed in the way of antiseptic power that we should think it too good to be true, were it not for the fact that it comes, not from some new and unknown patent medicine vendor, but from one of the largest and best-known firms of ironmasters and colliery owners in England, Messrs. Newton, Chambers, and Co., Limited, of the Thorncliffe Collieries, near Sheffield. In a sense, the discovery of this disinfectant is the result of an accident. Messrs. Newton, Chambers, and Co. are the proprietors of what is known as the Thorncliffe Patent Coke Oven, and it was during some researches into the nature of a peculiar oil derived therefrom that Mr. J. H. Worrall, F.C.S., F.I.C., made the discovery. Its merits can be summed up in a few words: it is more powerful in its action than carbolic acid; and, at the same time, is absolutely harmless in its application.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

There is a run on tombstones, and coffins are at a premium, owing to the extreme cold we are enduring at the time of writing. This reads very flippant, I am afraid, but it is unfortunately true. We seem destined this year to be treated to all manner of unheard-of freaks by the changeful weather. The wind is biting cold, and one sighs for the courage to unearth sealskins. It seems to me we are always complaining, though: first, it was too cold, then much too hot, then there was no rain at all, then rain, although not enough, then too cold, and, I suppose, in the ordinary course of events, in my next letter I shall be grumbling about the excessive heat or the dreadful storms.

From the south comes the bad news that typhus is raging at Lunel. At Montarnard, a small village twelve miles from Montpellier, several cases of a choleraic nature are reported. Most active sanitary precautions have been taken by the authorities, and it is hoped that the fearful disease will be soon got under.

Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., has given two drawings to the Luxembourg Museum. One is a study for the medal ordered by the Queen on the occasion of her Majesty's jubilee, and the other a study of "Andromeda."

The awards given at the Salon of the Champs-Élysées have been published. No first-class medals were given, but second-class medals were awarded to MM. Paul Sain, Garaud, Bréauté, de Pochwalsky, Maurice Orange, Tito Lessi, Camille Dufour, Danger, Thurner, Arus, Paul Bufiet, Paul Thomas, and Calbet. A first-class medal for architecture was awarded only to M. Camut, and second-class ones to MM. Godefroy, Bauhain, Normand, and Bobin.

Once more Baron A. de Schickler has won the Prix du Jockey Club, better known as the French Derby, at Chantilly. Ragotsky was the winner, with Tom Lane up. The day was very cloudy and overcast, but the attendance was, nevertheless, enormous. Baron Gustave de Rothschild drove his coach over from Laversine, and Mr. Albert Menier also brought a large coach-load of friends from Chamant. Among the many notabilities present was the Duc d'Aumale, who occupied his own private stand as usual, and to which also came the Prince de Joinville, Duc and Duchesse de Luynes, Comtesse de Chezalles, and Comtesse de Clinchamps. On the Jockey Club stand I noticed Princesse Murat, the Marquise de Galliffet (whose handsome husband, the brilliant cavalry officer, is to be sent to London by the Government to represent France at the coming royal marriage, and who, in the event of war, would hold a high command), Princesse de Léon, Marquise de St. Sauveur, Duchesse de Morny, and Mmes. Henry Ridgway, Munroe, Edmond Martell, Ephrussi, Leroy, &c.

A false rumour was circulated last week that M. Léon Daudet, son of M. Alphonse Daudet, was about to be divorced from his wife, the grand-daughter of Victor Hugo. The young couple have only been married about two years, and are devoted to each other. M. Léon Daudet at once wrote to the papers indignantly denying the canard. It is a great pity that the malicious persons who first circulated the cruel report cannot be severely punished, as these calumnies, however unlikely and absurd, always cause a certain amount of pain and annoyance to the parties concerned.

Before the Nice Police Court, last week, were sentenced Bruyère (formerly secretary of the Casino) to one year's imprisonment, and Clérissy (director of the paper *Opposition Niçoise*) to six months' imprisonment for trying to blackmail M. Tessier, manager of the Casino. They very justly deserved their punishment.

Last week's great event was the fête at the British Embassy in aid of the British Charitable Fund. It took the form of a concert and garden party. Madame Albani came over especially from England to sing, and after delighting everybody with several songs she sang, by Lady Dufferin's special request, "Home, sweet Home" in her own incomparable style. The Queen once said, "Patti has the voice of a nightingale, but Albani that of an angel," which, I am sure, must be the most prized and delicate compliment the great Canadian singer ever received. The rest of the programme, too, was admirably arranged and gone through with great success. Lady Dufferin wore a black and white dress; Comtesse Hoyos, a very pretty shot silk, trimmed with narrow black velvet and white lace; Mrs. Standish, a very smart black silk with the now inevitable narrow white lace trimming; Mrs. J. C. Ayer was simply magnificent in grey satin and purple velvet.

The Salvation Army have been having "ructions" here. It seems that popular opinion is going against them very strongly at the moment, and the other night there was a free fight outside their barracks in the Rue Auber, and several arrests were made by the *sergents de ville*. The next day a Salvationist officer went to the chief Commissary of Police to complain of the conduct of the public, and declared that in the future the Salvationists will use their revolvers in order to make themselves "respected." This high and mighty way of laying down the law has not been much appreciated by the public, and has made them eager for further hostilities against the sanguinary "lads and lasses."—MIMOSA.



*A bridal party on the
Rondelets at the Esplanade*



Dinner at the Café des Ambassadeurs on Sunday.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The husband of Anna Katherine Green, the well-known detective writer, was formerly an actor, and now proposes to return to the stage. His wife is writing a play for him. I have often wondered that playwrights do not oftener use detective plots. Whether Dr. Conan Doyle can write a libretto or not may be doubtful, but Sherlock Holmes or his friend Watson could certainly write a play.

The "Life and Letters of James Russell Lowell" will be published by Harper Brothers about the middle of September. Professor Norton is the biographer. Mr. Norton's late essay on the subject in *Harper's* was decidedly disappointing. The criticism was commonplace and the style poor. But Lowell's letters will be enough to carry the book. With this and the letters of Matthew Arnold, which are also to come out at the same time, the book season should begin well.

McClure's Magazine, the new American sixpenny, has just come to hand, and is in all respects excellent. It is journalistic in style, and the articles are judiciously brief. The illustrations are first-rate. None of our sixpenny illustrated magazines, with, perhaps, one exception, gives such good work. Mr. McClure's magazine has evidently come to stay in America, and I should not wonder if it soon came to stay in England also.

"The Complaining Millions of Men" is the curious title of a new American novel.

The text of the "Fables of Phædrus" was long lost, and only came to light towards the end of the sixteenth century. The manuscript was discovered at Rheims by Pierre Pithou, and made the basis of his first printed edition. Afterwards the manuscript was collated for an edition published by Didot in 1832. Its owner is the Marquis de Rosambo, a young lieutenant of dragoons, now stationed at Angers, who has just authorised M. Ulysse Robert to copy it with a view to a new edition. M. Robert will publish a definite text immediately, which will show about eighty important variations from that at present in existence. This is good news for the classical student.

A Transatlantic critic is very much astonished at Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Annals of an Old Manor House." He cannot believe his eyes. "Is that the critic," he says, "who was a few months ago to the fore with some very drastic proposals for dealing with the House of Lords, if they dared to resist the will of a trifle over one-half of the British people in the matter of Home Rule? And is this the sort of work he does in his spare moments? One would as soon expect a treatise on heraldry from Mr. John Burns, or an essay on knitting from Miss Frances Power Cobbe."

A book that will have much fascination for antiquaries, learned and amateurish, is Mr. R. C. Hope's "Legendary Lore of the Holy Wells of England" (Stock). Some of the most beautiful of myths are centred round wells and springs and fountains. The holy wells of England are many; legend still clings to them, and they are mostly in spots worthy to be the goal of pilgrimages, even in days when their sacredness is held of little account.

Mr. Hope's book is capitally arranged for the use of local students. He groups the wells in counties, gives references to old records where they are mentioned, and legends and illustrations where possible. Of the wells identified, Mr. Hope points to sixty-seven in Yorkshire, forty in Cornwall, thirty-six in Shropshire, and only one in Essex. But to this one is attached a thrilling story of the headless ghost of St. Osyth, who was martyred on the spot where the fountain sprang up.

How rare a thing is cheerfulness in a Russian story. Mirth one does not look for, but happiness in even a subdued form is hardly to be found anywhere in the fiction brought before us in translations. In "A Father of Six" (Pseudonym Library, Unwin) there is little but grinding poverty and hopelessness. The story is not a very remarkable or powerful one, but its situation is pathetic, and it emphasises the oft-told tale of the misery that is the lot of those not belonging to the privileged classes in Russia. The "father" is of the inferior order of the clergy, which means, with a family of six, starvation. Merely from caprice, his bishop refuses him promotion, and the news of the refusal has to come to the ears of the dying wife. If she dies he can never be priest—no widower can be thus promoted. And as she is a mother of six she forces the weary, hopeless man away from her bedside, this time to command, not to supplicate the bishop, while there is still breath in her body. The bishop proves himself to be human, the six will now have bread to eat, but the mother does not live to hear it.

Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan's "Adventures of a Memsahib" (Chatto) should make a flutter and stir in Anglo-Indian book-clubs. It is almost, but not quite, as delightful as her first book, this history of a nice young English lady who went out from the Vicarage, Canbury, Wilts, to be married to Mr. Browne in Calcutta, to live henceforth as do the Anglo-Indians, even as the least remarkable of them. There is a ripple of laughter under every sentence. Miss Duncan's supreme talent is that she articulates gracefully what everybody is thinking or noticing vaguely. She never fumbles.

A gem of printing, a bit of really good work from the Chiswick Press—dainty and fresh in its binding, too—is "Sprete Carmina Musæ," by Mr. Pakenham Beatty (Bell). It is the kind of minor verse that never rouses contempt or ridicule. Its inspiration is a love of things beautiful and noble, and there is no affectation of feelings that do not well up in the writer's heart, nor any imitation of a subtlety which he does not possess. The verses are not first-rate, but they are honest, simple songs of love and life and death. It is, therefore, with gratitude one sees "first series" on the title-page, and of how few minor verses could one say as much?

They are coloured by a warm generosity of feeling, and by what seems to be an uncommonly sanguine outlook, as in the lines—

Let none be glad until all are free,
The song be still and the flag unfurled,
Till all have seen what the poets see,
And foretell to the world.

One of the newest contributions to fairy literature is an edition of Basile's "Pentamerone" (Unwin). Yet it is not really a new contribution, for it was translated somewhere in the forties by Taylor and illustrated by Cruikshank. But it has been forgotten since then, and Miss Zimmern has revised it. It is but a little selection from Basile's "Story of Stories," and the translation has been so trimmed and smoothed to make it fit to appear in modern, and especially in modern juvenile, company that it bears but little resemblance to the original. But some of the grotesqueness of fancy is left, and, indeed, the tales were so individual, to begin with, in form and incidents that no amount of polishing and erasure could take away all their character and colour.

"Some French Writers" (Chapman and Hall), by M. Edward Delille, contains a few excellent articles on French writers of the day, and one of yesterday. The writers—Verlaine, Bourget, Maupassant, Baudelaire, &c.—are looked at from an exceedingly intimate standpoint. Yet M. Delille is plainly writing for English readers, and discusses and explains matters which in contemporary French would be taken for granted. He is, presumably, out of sympathy with some modern literary tendencies in France, but he is throughout judicial, tolerant, and charitable. His essays on Baudelaire, the man, on Maupassant, and Verlaine are each well worth looking at.

Dr. Conan Doyle has taken us back in his latest novel two centuries, and first to the Court of Versailles, just before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. There he interests us in the career of a young Huguenot—Amory de Catinat, who seems to be cut out to be a favourite of fortune, till religious fanaticism breaks out, and he has to flee. With some companions, his uncle, his fair cousin, whom he marries, and an amusing American, he sets out for the New World, and there his adventures continue more energetically than ever. It is, indeed, a terrible picture of cruelty and bloodshed, this story of the war between the Iroquois and the French settlers. In ferocity it rivals anything in Cooper.

Dr. Doyle has shown a good deal of ingenuity in bringing together the New and the Old Worlds in sharp contrast. And his story of persecution, peril, and hairbreadth escapes would deserve unqualified praise if it had not lost its way for a time in trying to be an historical novel. It recovered its true path in time to save itself from ruin and readers from disappointment.

Mark Twain has not much to say for himself in his new volume. The first story has a name—"The £1,000,000 Banknote"—which is something, and it has not much else. Some mild experiences in telepathy—the term "mental telegraphy" he invented years before the Psychical Research Society made the investigation of such phenomena fashionable and solemn—make the subject of one paper. The anecdotes are so little startling that one is quite prepared to believe they are true. The outcome of his observations is practical indeed: "When I get tired of waiting upon a man whom I very much wish to hear from, I sit down and compel him to write, whether he wants to or not—that is to say, I sit down and write him, and then tear my letter up, satisfied that my act has forced him to write me at the same moment." But why should the troublesome act of writing be necessary?

The attraction of the volume is the reprint of a romance which Mark Twain introduces as "A Cure for the Blues," a romance not of his own concocting, but written and published many years ago by a genuine literary amateur, and which has long waited for recognition. The amateur has run wild and produced something so unique in the way of grandiloquent nonsense that Mr. Mark Twain is justified in thinking nothing of his own would have had so piquant a flavour.

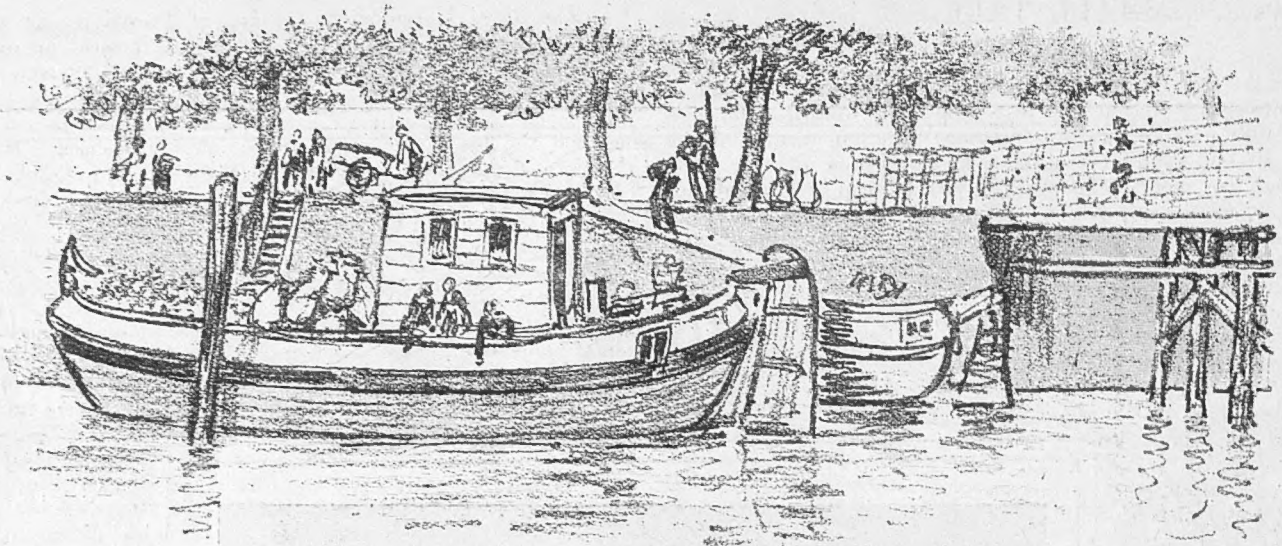
"A Strange Studio" (Arrowsmith, Bristol), by Paul Rowden, is a fairly interesting story, which might be described as of the "Jane Eyre" cum "The House on the Marsh" type. The final settlement in judge's chambers is so speedy that it would give lawyers a fear for the safety of the British Constitution. The author might with advantage polish his style, which is very slipshod.

"Man or Beast," by Edward A. Morton, will bring to some readers a mournful recollection (as befits the departed) of *Ariel*, in which brilliant magazine some of the chapters appeared. The illustrations by A. J. Finberg show all the versatility and skill of that artist, and the literary matter is often amusing.



TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

BY MR. A. BASSANO, (11 D BOND STREET, W.



COURTING IN THE ZUYDER ZEE.

SMALL TALK.

Why, I wonder, are certain highly placed Church dignitaries so fond of displaying an intolerance and discourtesy—especially towards women—which are certainly not among the Christian virtues inculcated by the great Founder of our religion—at least, in no edition of the Bible with which I have yet met? The other day, the Dean of Westminster rebuffed, with scornful rudeness, a young lady who, left alone in the world to fight its tolerably hard battle, was earning her living honourably as a journalist, and who has fought her way into the front rank of her profession, the ecclesiastical and truly Christian notwithstanding. Now, Canon Ainger has been treating a lady canvasser with “a scanty courteous rebuff” while she was attempting to pursue an unpleasant, but surely blameless, vocation; and, from the Canon’s letter to the *Times*, we may suppose he is proud of his prowess as a “lady-killer” (new style). One would almost have thought that gentlemen of culture, whose boast it is that they are the direct descendants of the disciples of one who treated even the fallen Magdalen with tenderness and pity, would have encouraged rather than snubbed those women who, avoiding the temptations of the Metropolis, “learn and labour truly to get their own living”—which, by-the-way, is a quotation from a certain catechism drawn up for our instruction by that Church of which the Dean and the Canon are conspicuous ornaments, and in which we are enjoined “to hurt nobody by word or deed.”

Miss E. M. Merrick, the clever and charming artist who last year made so pleasant and profitable a tour through our Indian Empire, painting numberless Maharajahs and Maharanees, sometimes with and sometimes without their families, but never without their jewels, is about to start again for a visit to the “Glowing East.” One of Miss Merrick’s lady “subjects” last year was determined to be represented “dressed like Queen Victoria,” and arrayed herself in a strange mixture of Oriental and European garments, the crowning effect being a pork-pie hat. I believe it was more easy for the sitter to retain her dignity under these circumstances than the artist her gravity. What would have happened, I wonder, had the artist laughed? In old times her smile might have cost her her head, and her epitaph have been “In taking off the Rancee’s head I lost my own.”

Had not financial reverses fallen upon the great house of Baring, it is doubtful, I imagine, if the important and interesting collection of pictures belonging to Lord Revelstoke, Mr. Francis Baring, and Mr. J. S. Hodgson would have been disposed of a few days ago at Christie’s. Among the portraits by great English masters the most attractive were, doubtless, the two Gainsboroughs, both of which have been seen of late years by picture-lovers at the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House. One is of Lady Rodney, the wife of England’s famous admiral the first Lord Rodney, a charming blue-clad figure with powdered hair; the other, Mrs. George Drummond, of Stanmore, who, clothed in pearly grey, leans, like Juliet, “her head upon her hand.” Both are admirable examples of the master. The collection also contained a very remarkable Virgin and Child by Memling; an exquisite little picture, “The Hireling Shepherd,” by Holman Hunt; a big classic canvas, “The Daphnephoria,” by the President of the Royal Academy, and some fifty other works by such eminent artists as Reynolds, Turner, Constable, Morland, and D. G. Rossetti.

A friend of mine living in a fashionable West-End thoroughfare not a hundred miles from Piccadilly was the subject of a fine example of neighbourly sympathy the other day. His wife was lying dangerously ill, so ill that straw was down in front of the house, and a policeman on duty to order off the Italian musicians and their hateful instruments of torture, piano-organs, when he received this note from a lady living a few doors off: “Lady Inez Blank presents her compliments to Mr. Dash, and would be much obliged if Mr. Dash would inform her immediately Mrs. Dash is sufficiently well for him to allow the organ-men to play again in the street, as the loss of the music is a deprivation to Lady Inez Blank’s children.” To this he replied with a bombshell to the following effect: “Mr. Dash presents his compliments to Lady Inez Blank, and regrets that Mrs. Dash’s severe attack of scarlet fever should interfere with the amusements of Lady Inez Blank’s children. Mr. Dash will inform Lady Inez Blank directly Mrs. Dash leaves town.” It is doubtful whether my friend’s sarcasm penetrated the cuticle of a lady—in her own right, too—who could pen such a letter, under such circumstances.

To a crowded house, which included a good many well-known members of the theatrical profession, Eleonora Duse last week proved her undoubted versatility, both by the fierce outbursts of jealous and revengeful passion as the injured peasant woman Santuzza and by the delightful richness of the Padrona in Goldoni’s farcical comedy “The Hostess.” The silence of the house during “Cavalleria Rusticana” was as high a tribute to the Italian artiste’s powers as was the continuous ripple of laughter that accompanied her through the three acts of “La Locandiera” that succeeded it. Her possibilities in poetic and romantic parts are yet to be proved. It has been asserted that Eleonora Duse does not “make up” for the stage. A careful examination through my opera-glass compels me to contradict the assertion. The “make up” is there, but it has been put on in truly artistic fashion—not with a trowel, which is surely the implement used by some of our native talent to adorn their lips, eyes, and cheeks.

The Opera House on the evening of Tuesday in last week presented a brilliant appearance, and many were the musical amateurs who were present to “sample” that admirable artiste, Madame Calvé, in her promised rôle of Carmen. The highly gifted *prima donna*, who has identified herself with the extraordinary popularity of “Cavalleria,” roused the big audience to tremendous enthusiasm. Her magnificent voice and powerful acting in the third act drew applause from even those parts of the house which are apt to show considerable diffidence, or indifference, in the expression of approval. Madame Calvé’s Carmen stands an excellent chance of becoming as popular as her Santuzza.

At the Adelphi, the other night, I am fain to confess that I was more interested in the occupants of the stage box on the prompt side than I was in the fortunes of the somewhat despicable hero and colourless heroine of “The Black Domino.” In the box in question sat the Maharajah of Kapurthala and his dusky suite, a magnificent-looking white-bearded old gentleman being particularly noticeable among the latter. The Maharajah has, I believe, a perfect knowledge of English, and as I watched the varied expressions that flitted across his intelligent face I came to the opinion that his Highness did not take much more interest in the fortunes of the principals than I did. But there is no doubt that he enjoyed with the keenest relish the scenes in the police station and the lawyer’s office, and, far from showing that immutability we have been taught to expect in Eastern potentates, laughed with the greatest heartiness at the admirable fooling of Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. Le Hay, and Miss Clara Jecks.

The believers in Spiritualism should have been among the most enthusiastic bidders for West Hill Lodge, Highgate Hill, the old-fashioned house, with its charming garden, that stands hard by that ancient hostelry the Fox and Crown, for it was there that the once notorious Home, the Spiritualist, held many a *séance* in the sixties, when the house, which was sold last week, was tenanted by that most industrious couple, William and Mary Howitt. William Howitt, who came of solid Quaker folk, whom one would hardly have supposed likely to be attracted by the hysterics of Spiritualism, was at that time a constant contributor to the *Spiritual Magazine*, and both he and his clever wife—who, by-the-way, died a Roman Catholic—were completely infatuated by Home, who, it is said, was the original of Browning’s “Mr. Sludge, the Medium.” The Howitts were at West Hill Lodge for some nine years, and much of their admirable work—which is now, however, but little read—was done there.

I heard an amusing story of Sir Henry Hawkins from a legal friend a week or two ago, but I cannot vouch for the absolute truth of it. Sir Henry was presiding over a long, tedious, and uninteresting trial, and was listening, apparently with absorbed attention, to a long, tedious, and uninteresting speech from a counsel learned in the law. Presently he made a pencil memorandum, folded it, and sent it by the usher to the Q.C. in question. This gentleman, on unfolding the paper, found these words: “PATIENCE COMPETITION.—Gold Medal, Sir Henry Hawkins. Honourable Mention, Job.” His peroration was wound up with as little delay as possible.

“Sunday is not a pleasant day for a stranger in London.” That is the dictum of “Dickens’s Dictionary of London” for the current year. Though the phrase may absolutely shock Sabbatarians, the Dictionary is almost indispensable to such as may not, like Mr. Weller, have a knowledge of London that is extensive and peculiar. The twin “Dictionary of the Thames” is distinctly quaint and curious.

Gallant little Heligoland, the Holy Island of ancient Holstein, which has undergone many vicissitudes, is now engaged in carrying out a “separation” scheme without the slightest regard to the wishes of its masterful new master, the Emperor of Germany. Bit by bit the red cliffs are separating from the island, and are vanishing away—whether “softly and silently” is doubtful—into the depths of the German Ocean. This must be peculiarly exasperating to the thrifty German side of the Emperor William’s soul. Not only does it seem probable that he will lose much of the island, but it appears possible, if the Heligoland rocks, like the Australian banks, get into a confirmed habit of breaking, that the fine bathing establishment and the new Government buildings now in course of construction will be sleeping peacefully in the bed of the ocean before the finishing touches have been given them.

While the fate of Emin Pasha is veiled in mystery, his daughter, Ferida, eleven years of age, whom Stanley also brought to the coast, is living in perfect contentment at Bagamayo. Emin’s sister, Frau Schüler, who resides in Saxony, receives regular news from her niece. Apropos of Emin, a narrative of his career as Dr. Schnitzler, his marrying of a Mohammedan lady, his going over to the faith of Islam, and his subsequent career as “Emin Pasha” would undoubtedly form an attractive volume.

A curious custom prevails in the Rothschild family. On the birth of every girl the baby is presented with six pearls, valued at about 15,000 fr., and on every subsequent birthday she receives six more, valued at the same amount, so that at the age of twenty-one the young lady is the possessor of a splendid and costly necklace of pearls.

A CHAT WITH LADY BURTON.

Lady Burton is just about to publish the life of her husband. This, of course, will stimulate interest in Lady Burton, so I have had a talk with her, writes a lady representative. To understand the life of Sir Richard Burton it is necessary to know something of this kind and charming lady, whom I saw in her working cottage at Mortlake, so much a part of his life was hers.

"After ten months of close work, I am beginning to feel in want of a rest," said Lady Burton, "so I am off to the seaside in a few days. I shall have a week or two of complete change, and then, if I am better, it is my intention to pay two or three quiet visits to country houses."

"And what about the book?"

"It will cover the whole seventy years of my husband's life, and wherever he could speak for himself I have allowed him to do so. There are many incidents in it, and naturally a good deal about official life abroad. On this subject I have not tried to mince matters. The book will be as realistic as Marie Bashkirtseff's diary. Of course, it was impossible to write my husband's life without telling something of my own too—both were so closely bound up together—and that, as I have explained in the preface, is an affectation I have not attempted. I daresay the public will say I am a fool for taking them so much into my confidence. I have also availed myself of the opportunity to reply to three attacks brought against me at my husband's death by those who professed to be his friends. The first was that I tried to prevent his being buried in Westminster Abbey. I did no such thing. Westminster was refused, and St. Paul's wasn't offered. The second—brought by his Agnostic friends—was for administering Extreme Unction. The third was for burning the manuscripts."

It may be as well to say here that on religion I found Lady Burton the most broad, natural, liberal-minded woman I had ever met, which was refreshing, for I had been told that she was so bigoted. When I remarked the fact, she said, "Oh, no! not at all. I'm not bigoted. Mine is a cool, calm, liberal Catholicism. It is the Agnostics who are bigoted and intolerant and cruel. It is the people who profess to believe nothing who make all the row about this sort of thing."

Her reply to some question I asked about her parentage was, "Oh, I come of decent people, but I do not think that that could in any way interest the public. I have heard so much about the respectability of my family," she adds, with a smile, "that I'm getting rather sick of the subject."

"Have you anything else on hand?" I asked presently. Lady Burton



Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

LADY BURTON.



LADY BURTON'S DRAWING-ROOM IN BAKER STREET.

impresses one with the idea of being a woman of such amazing energy that it is difficult to imagine her being able to live without work.

"As much, and probably more than enough, to last me my life. I shall find it difficult to do all I want to within the next two or three years."

"But you surely do not talk seriously of dying within the next two or three years," I said, smiling. "Why, you are not a bit like—"

"Not a bit like most 'sixty-twoers,' you mean," she replied, laughingly. "No; I don't know that I am."

I learned later on that she has an incurable complaint, from which she has been suffering for years.

"Nearly all the book was dictated, you know," said the charming philosopher, as brightly as before, "and a large portion of it from a sick-bed. I am not able to write myself. Come and see my study." And now we went up to a little room at the top of the house, every corner of which seemed to be littered with books and manuscripts. Lady Burton's surroundings afford ample evidence of her refined instincts and gypsy-like fondness for bright colour. Her flat in Baker Street, which is furnished in delightfully unconventional and restful fashion, abounds with interesting bric-à-brac from the East—Damascus, Jeddah, Morocco, Algiers, &c.

Not the least pleasant part of an evening spent there is the time you sit gossiping over your after-dinner cigarette, when your hostess brings you your coffee with a pretty Eastern salute. She herself occasionally smokes a narghileh.

Lady Burton is devoted to the memory of her husband. You are aware of this before she is led to speak of him. "This is the table he used to write at," she exclaims, as we stand talking in the room adjoining her bed-room. "I do most of my work at it. Do you see that cobweb up there? Is it not beautiful—almost a perfect wheel? It was more beautiful still, till one day the wind came through the window and carried away a portion of it. It was made by a money-spinner, and I wouldn't have it interfered with for anything."

"Are you so superstitious as that?" I asked.

"Of course, I am superstitious," she answered frankly. "All sensitive people, I imagine, must be superstitious. The mystic, too, has a great attraction for me. Come here and see what inspiration I get in a view from this window. There is the Catholic Church—you must come and see the mausoleum before you go—here is the presbytery, and that beyond is the Protestant Church. I bought this little place in order to be near my husband's grave. I tried in vain for the house next door, which is a foot nearer it."

"And what is the work you have yet to do?"

"I am going to bring out all my husband's unpublished works, which I expect will run into nine volumes, and it is my intention (in conjunction with Mr. Leonard Smithers) also to bring out a uniform library of those works already published. Then, too, I have a notion of writing my own autobiography, which will be brought out after my death."

As we strolled about the quiet churchyard Lady Burton told me that the spot had long been familiar to her, for she had both friends and relatives buried there. The tent-shaped mausoleum where the embalmed body of her husband lies is about as unlike a grave as one could imagine anything to be. The ceiling is hung with Oriental lamps—the mystic number of seven—and there is an altar bearing a crucifix and flowers. "I sit here a good deal on warm days," says the widow, simply, "and sometimes little children, seeing the door open, and catching sight of the flowers, will come and say, 'Can I come in, too, lady?'"

The picture these words will conjure up in the minds of my readers gives the best impression of how the life of Lady Burton is placidly passing on towards its close—a life in which there is still work done, and which sheds that kindly influence which even wins the confidence of timid little children.

F. L. W.

THE GALLERY GOD.

A vivid picture of the Gallery God is sketched by the New York *Recorder*. He is, we are told, a critic *par excellence*. There is no false modesty about him. He sees the point instantaneously, and his criticism follows rapidly. He does not trouble his mind with the rules or the technique of the drama. He knows what he likes, and he goes where he believes he ought to get it. If he finds things on the stage as he expects, his approval is as unmistakable and as vociferous as is his condemnation if play or players do not please him. To the eye the Gallery God has a look of his own. He is not a dude. He does not even care very much about soap and water. His attire, although by no means sober, is never of the newest. He may be young or old, but is usually under thirty years. His face is a study. He himself is a good actor. He buries himself in the episodes enacted upon the stage; he identifies himself with the fortunes of first one, then another, of the characters, and all their joy, all their woe, is depicted faithfully upon his face. He has love for the heroine, hatred for the villain, pity for the downtrodden, mercy for the penitent. This is evident to anyone who watches him. When the play is over he stands up in his seat, waves his hat and yells his approval at the top of his voice if the ending is spirited enough and pleasant to him. Then he shuffles noisily down to the street. He has formed his opinion; his criticism is not scholarly, but it is of as much value to the manager as that of the erudite critics. Often it is more so, for the gallery is a great factor with the box-office. All that managers are looking for nowadays is a box-office success. If they captivate the Gallery God they have it. Yes, the Gallery God has pretty nearly as much to say about shaping the progress of the drama as anyone else,

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The first blue-book of the new Department of Trade and Commerce of Canada has just been issued. It is admitted that the McKinley tariff has caused a large decrease in the exports of the Dominion to the United States. In 1891 the exports were some 36 million dols. Last year they were only a little more than 31 million dols., and the Finance Minister reverts—one fancies with regret—to the abortive schemes for the resuscitation of the reciprocity treaty with the States, abrogated in 1866. Manitoba's wheat crop for this year promises to be unusually good.

Canada is to experiment with the immigration of Icelanders. The first batch of the islanders, 700 strong, will set out in July. The Iceland authorities, however, do not view the movement with any degree of grace.

Some idea of the telegraph communication of the world with Australia will be found in the returns for February, when 4000 telegrams were received and 3571 sent away. The daily average of words received and sent was 4085. These figures show a falling-off on those of the previous February.

The exportation of Australian fruit is yet in its infancy. The *Sydney Mail* complains that there is a provoking kind of patchiness about the trade, though it takes consolation from the fact that the same held true of the wool trade eighty years ago. Frozen fish have been brought across to this country in excellent condition.

Victoria is completing a scheme for settling 400 families in the reclaimed land at Koo-wee-rup, to the south-west of Port Philip Bay. There is also a strong desire among some people in the colony to settle in different parts of Gippsland. The exodus of Victorians to New South Wales is frightening the authorities in Victoria.

The New Zealand Government has purchased two sections of land at Auckland, with the view of making them the nucleus of village settlements.

The Victorian Government is to save £15,000 a year by dispensing with the services of 70,000 rabbit inspectors and by dismissing all sexagenarians from the Government service.

Sweating has taken up its abode in the Melbourne tailoring trade. A deputation has been waiting on the Premier to solicit his aid in grappling with the question.

Sir R. W. Duff has been cordially welcomed by his constituents in New South Wales, of which he is the new Governor.

New South Wales has been proved suitable for the rearing of silk-worms—technically known as sericulture. The industry is in the hands of a number of Italians, who have established themselves in a little colony called New Italy. The variety of tree preferred is the white mulberry. While on the Continent it takes at least three years before the leaves of the tree are fit for food, in New Italy it has been found that in one year the tree will produce edible leaves.

The worms thrive amazingly, and to the astonishment of the Italians the mortality has been practically nil. At home they were accustomed to lose at least 20 per cent. from disease, but in New Italy every egg has yielded its worm, and every worm has lived to spin the valuable cocoon which is its own death sentence. A strong effort is being made for State aid to the industry.

Experiments in sericulture are also being made in St. Helena. A profitable industry may be established if only the labour of women and children is used. The results, so far, have been satisfactory.

One of the most difficult tasks the Administrator of British Guinea has had to undertake has been to break down the isolation of the different tribes. But this is gradually being done.

A new native bi-weekly, the *Indian Echo*, has appeared in Madras with the object of pushing social reforms. It follows up the contention that the Vedas are not against such reform by maintaining that they are actually in favour of it, though custom may be against it. "Once we are able to convince the people that social reform falls within the sphere of religious duty, we may be sure that the success of the reform is a tangible reality; until then there can only be a partial success."

The currency question is causing great perturbation in Bombay. The falling-off in the railway traffic is very marked, indicating a great suspension of trade.

Sir Charles Elliott is on his way to England. It is rumoured that he will not return to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal.

Much damage has been done to shipping by a cyclone that has swept over the Bay of Bengal.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Best that money can buy.
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Five gold medals.
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Contains no alum.—[ADVT.]

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The great Chicago Show, which was to beat the record for magnificence and variety, seems to be on the high road to distinction as a financial failure. To begin with, the exhibits consist largely of packing cases; and whereas hitherto the contents of great Exhibitions have been the chief attraction, and the buildings have been rather of the glass and iron shed or Crystal Palace order, now it is the buildings that are artistic and beautiful, with very little inside.

The temporary hotels which were to house the expected influx of visitors were all to be opened on May 1. Open, indeed, many of them were on that date—open to the sky in the absence of a roof. But, so far, the gigantic concourse of people is yet to seek, and the sum taken at the turnstiles does not cover the necessary expenses. Perhaps, now that the Republican party is out, some of the surplus revenue of the United States will go to make good the deficit—instead of being devoted to increasing the pensions of that mighty army whose number seems to increase from year to year in defiance of the laws of nature.

But it is expecting too much from human nature to look for self-restraint on the part of a politician in the presence of money that does not seem to belong to anyone in particular. The superior political morality supposed to reign in England is largely owing to the fact that there is rarely any considerable surplus of public revenue. There is always the National Debt to provide for, and the Army and the Navy, and a few incidental jobs are all for which there is room.

It is not that there is any lack of will; jobbery is innate in the human mind. There are jobs in all departments of affairs, public and private. Jobs in literature are called log-rolling, whereof there is a fair amount, though less than the unsuccessful minor poet is apt to believe. Jobs in dramatic criticism are not entirely unknown. Who has not seen instances of the piece unanimously praised by the critics and as unanimously avoided by the public? Not that the public verdict is infallible; but it is, at least, disinterested. Whereas, there are writers for the stage whose works cannot be produced without a chorus of adulation, merely because the authors have a big name. Sometimes they deserve the praise, sometimes they don't; but they get it all the same.

All which merely means that we are ruled by fashion and habit. Heaven forbid—as they say on the stage—that I should attribute the unanimous outcry in praise of some stale piece of potboiling to corruption, to the insidious influence of chicken and champagne, even to the more honourable motive of that *camaraderie* and brotherly love which reigns on the stage and in all its neighbourhood.

No, the reason for the occasional discord between the critical estimate of a piece and its real worth is, I am convinced, that in England we and our critics have not yet arrived at that state of mind which is the first requisite of all sound judgment—the faculty of regarding a work of art *in vacuo*, apart from the personality of the author, in order to form an unbiassed opinion on its merit. Then we should be spared the reading of those artfully constructed critiques which, to the lay and uninstructed mind, are unalloyed praise, and to the initiate say in plain, though unwritten, words, "Very bad, only one must not say so!"

Some interest has been excited by the announcement that we are to be provided with a new patron saint, and that one the most considerable of the calendar. St. George has never been viewed with intense enthusiasm in England since the light of criticism was turned on legends. To begin with, one is not quite sure who and what he was. There is a choice between an eminently satisfactory George who probably never existed and a George who certainly existed but was eminently unsatisfactory. Then we have always had a sort of tendency to run after St. Michael, who, like the legendary George, was warlike and demolished a dragon—or rather *the* Dragon. It is curious to see that at the time of the English wars St. Michael almost superseded St. Denis as the patron of France. St. Denis was too monkish and too meek to be played against St. George. Frenchmen wanted a saint who could do something more than carry his own head about—a meritorious feat, but one that hardly suited the needs of the time. Besides, the English had got hold of St. Denis, abbey and all.

So St. Michael appeared to Joan of Arc, and was the patron of Charles VII. and Louis XI., and poor St. Denis fell into undeserved oblivion. His banner, the Oriflamme, was taken out once by Louis XI., then packed up, and no more heard of. For even patron saints go out of fashion at times, as if they were mere mundane neckties and crinolines.

It may be worth while to go in for St. Peter as our new patron. He is generally credited with the possession of the keys and the occupation of the porter's lodge of Paradise, and as such is a desirable friend to secure for any nation. That he will pass us all in without discrimination, on proof of nationality, is, perhaps, too much to expect; but one cannot but feel that to retain the saint as a sort of agent in advance should materially increase our chances of entrance. Besides, I incline to think that no country has yet secured St. Peter as a patron; he is at home in Rome, but nowhere else. It is really very good of his Holiness Leo XIII. to give us the second call on St. Peter's services; for I presume he must retain the first rights *ex officio*.

But I fear that in one respect the new saint is not happily chosen. You can't make a good war-cry or shout out of St. Peter's name in any combination. "St. George for Merry England!" begins with a good mouth-filling roar on the "George." It is not in human power to put any volume of sound into "St. Peter" for anything or anybody. Any attempt to do so would result in a dissonant shriek; which would be quite enough to make any self-respecting saint withdraw his patronage at once. In France "St. Pierre" would have a better and broader sound, and be less shrill than "St. Denis." Spain and Italy would end the saint with a round *o*. Ireland and Scotland have fine broad *a*'s in "St. Patrick" and "St. Andrew," and the last syllables of these names can be swallowed; but what is one to do with the slate-pencil squeak of "Péter"?

No; I fear that Cardinal Vaughan and the bishops who have helped to work this arrangement with St. Peter have not fully reflected on the disadvantages inherent in the English pronunciation of his name. Why cannot they cancel the appointment and give us the other special Roman saint instead—I mean St. Paul? We have St. Paul's Cathedral and St. Paul's School, which we are about to tinker, and St. Paul's Churchyard, where the ladies stand four deep at the windows of the millinery shops, and we have of late years founded a St. Paul's Railway Station. Furthermore, there is a tradition that St. Paul once came to Britain, and if he did not come, then he ought to have done so.

And then, too, St. Paul was a seafaring man, though at times involuntarily, and was wrecked at Malta, which is a British possession, while St. Peter was a mere fresh-water fisherman. Again, St. Paul was a manufacturer—in a small way, it is true; but everything must have a beginning. As a tent-maker he could be the patron of our textile fabrics. But the chief advantage lies in the greater resonance of his name.

There is much virtue in a good cry or catchword. "Home Rule" is an admirable shout, consisting, as it does, of two full sounds; then, again, while it seems to mean something, it may mean anything, which makes greatly for popularity. "Union" has the double disadvantage of having two and a half syllables, and of being already associated with two definite ideas—to wit, the Workhouse and the Trades Union. It is credibly reported that in some country districts "Unionism" was conceived to mean the abolition of outdoor relief, while in some towns the confusion was hopeless between the political Unionist and the Trades Unionist.

The same rule applies in the case of the names of books, newspapers, and plays. You want a catching title—a short, uncommon, and euphonious name that rounds off a sentence well, and that is only to be pronounced in one way. Men at large are more bashful as well as more ignorant than we commonly conceive, and if they cannot be sure of pronouncing the name of a newspaper rightly they will ask for another instead.

Now, I fear that possibly Mr. Pinero's new and powerful play may suffer somewhat from its title. "The Second Mrs."—Mrs. what? Is it to be "Tank-eray" or "Tank-weray"? The uninstructed may shrink from the name, and merely indicate the play as "something with a *Tank* in it, don't you know." But that description would apply to the "Colleen Bawn." And, again, is not one of the minor characters rather unhappily named? If "Frank Misquith, Q.C., M.P.," is not meant to be a caricature of the present Home Secretary—and nobody has as yet detected any resemblance—why does his name so irresistibly suggest that of the Asquith who is also Q.C. and M.P.?

At any rate, the title of the play has escaped one danger to which, a year ago, it would have infallibly succumbed. We shall probably not now have Mr. Pinero's piece burlesqued as "The Second-hand Mrs. Ta-ra-ra-Tanqueray."

MARMITON.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



BY CLARICE KLEIN.

PART I.

It was a sunny afternoon in May. Paul Denys was busily employed in his studio on the one work which now occupied all his time and thoughts. At the open window sat a girl, with her arms stretched out across the sill, clasping a great Persian cat as it lay basking in the sunshine. She was just seventeen, and her face was as fresh and beautiful as a young spring morning. Doris Milson was Paul's ideal of all that was pure and lovely. They had been companions from childhood, and some day, when Paul grew rich, they were to be married.

Paul was very poor. He was unknown to the world; but there were within him all the burning aspirations of a sculptor's genius. Until a month previously he had almost despaired of ever winning fame or fortune—the chance had seemed so cruelly remote in the far-off village on the Devonshire coast where he dwelt with his widowed mother.

Mrs. Denys was passionately fond of her only boy, but it was a sore grief to her that she could not induce him to "do something by which he could earn money." Paul had grown so despondent that he was on the point of giving way to her, when something occurred to make him alter his mind.

It was one day when he had gone to the village stationer's. While he waited for a parcel, the shopkeeper handed him a newspaper.

"Look at that, Mr. Paul," he said, pointing to a particular column. "Maybe, you'll find you can have a hand in it."

Paul glanced through the article. It told him of a certain wealthy Earl, famous for the interest he displayed in all matters concerning art. It spoke of the well-nigh boundless generosity and kindness which he showed towards young and struggling artists. His latest act of goodness was to offer a prize of a thousand guineas to be awarded to the sculptor who produced the finest bust of a woman. Competitors were to be British born, and a certain limit of time was given for the accomplishment of the work.

Scarcely waiting to speak his gratitude, Paul ran quickly from the shop and down the road to the outskirts of the village, where stood Widow Denys's cottage.

"Mother!" he cried eagerly. "Mother! read this. At last my chance has come." And with characteristic enthusiasm he at once set about the work.

Since then four weeks had elapsed, and the bust was now about half on its way towards completion. Paul could have chosen no more graceful model than his sweetheart, Doris Milson—her head was so shapely and her features were of such faultless symmetry.

The young artist worked on until the approach of sunset, and then ceased. With tender care he covered up his treasure and prepared to leave the studio for the night.

"Come, dear," he said to Doris. "I will take you home now. Poor little girl! Aren't you tired of sitting there so long?"

She made a merry rejoinder, and they went out together. Paul locked the door of his room, as was his custom. It was a whim of his that no one should see the bust until it was quite ready to send away.

Everything outside was calm and peaceful. It was pleasant to walk along the cliffs by the sea in the gloaming, and as they went the young folks chatted hopefully of the future. Life seemed so beautiful just then, and they were blissfully content. Ah! if only we could foresee what is to come in this world. I think that if these two had possessed such a power they would fain have clung to this sweet, unclouded hour

and never let it pass. Alas! the happiness of the present belongs only too soon to the past, and the unknown future, with its disappointments and its miseries, comes rolling on like a great avalanche, pitilessly carrying all before it.

As they strolled through a gate into a sweet-smelling clover field, the tall figure of a man stood out against the clearness of the horizon.

"That looks like Jack Grey," the girl said. "I hope it isn't, though, for somehow I don't want to see him just now. Do you know, he hasn't been near our house since I refused to sit for him."

"Well, do you mind?" Paul asked quickly. "You cannot be unhappy because he avoids you. Doris, you don't care for him?"

"Hush! you silly boy! No, I don't care for him one little bit. Only, I'm sorry to have made him angry."

Down to the time when Paul had commenced his work there had existed a deep friendship between Jack Grey and himself, and that friendship had been rudely broken through an unmanly jealousy on Jack's part. The truth was, he was unable to find a model with a head and face as perfect as those of Doris Milson; for he, too, was a sculptor, and was competing for the Earl's prize. Paul, however, perceived the cause of his friend's coolness and believed it would soon blow over. As they came face to face Paul greeted him with all his old warmth.

"Well, old fellow, how are you? You are quite a stranger. Ah! but, of course, the big work takes up your time, doesn't it? How is it going on?"

"Pretty well," Jack answered coolly. "I suppose yours is nearly finished. By-the-way, have you steadily kept to your plan of hiding it?"

"Yes; but, still, if I thought it would make any difference—"

"Oh, no! Not at all," the other interrupted. "Only you were once a little more confidential, you know." And with this he abruptly took his leave.

The days went on, and at length the hour drew nigh when the busts were to be sent to London. The local newspaper announced the date, and, further, stated that the judges would include three R.A.'s. Paul was extremely excited. He grew more and more confident of being successful, for he had achieved something beyond his wildest expectations.

One afternoon towards the end of summer the young man stood gazing at his work for the last time. It was very beautiful—perfect alike in workmanship and in its marvellous resemblance to Doris. He remained standing with it in his hand for some moments, and then, after a time, he placed it upon the table and glanced at his watch. It was half-past-four. Doris was to have come at four to see the bust before it was sent away. An impatient cry broke from him.

"Why does she not come? She is generally so punctual. What can be keeping her?"

As if in answer to his outspoken thought, Mrs. Denys suddenly rushed into the room. Her face, usually so calm and placid, was white and troubled.

"Paul, dear," she said breathlessly, "there has been an accident. Doris has been knocked down by a runaway horse. Will you come with me and see what we can do to help?"

With a terrified exclamation, Paul snatched up his cap and, bidding her follow, tore along the road in the direction of Mrs. Milson's house.

"Poor boy," thought the mother. "It would break his heart if anything should happen to Doris." She met Jack Grey outside, and as she passed told him vaguely what had occurred.

The door had been left ajar, and the house was deserted. In the time not so long past Jack would have thought nothing of going in and out just as he pleased, but now it was different, and he hesitated. The hesitation was only momentary, and, glancing up and down the road to see that he was unobserved, he stepped inside the passage. The studio door was open.

"Ah!" he muttered under his breath. "Just as I imagined. He has forgotten to lock it up this time."

He went in. There was no thought of wrong in his heart. He had but one idea—to gratify his curiosity, and then go out as he had come in. That it was a mean action he knew; but he was resolved upon seeing the bust at all risks.

It was standing on the table where Paul had placed it. A gasp broke from Jack. It was so immeasurably more beautiful than he had imagined. Not only were the features exact, but the expression and smile of Doris were there in lifelike truthfulness.

Jack was filled with astonishment. His own work for the competition was vastly inferior to that on which his eyes rested now. It could have no chance of gaining the prize if Paul's were to be judged side by side with it. All his imagined wrongs came surging up in his heated mind. He thought of the utter hopelessness of his love for Doris, while he forgot that she lay suffering at this moment, perhaps mortally injured.

And then, of a sudden, an evil thought arose in him: What if he were to destroy the bust? No one could ever know that he had done it. A moment's hesitation—no more—and with a wild, despairing look at the image of Doris he dashed the beautiful frail thing to the ground, and left it lying all shattered to pieces on the floor. Then, with a strange, mingled feeling of joy and fear at his heart, he strode from his friend's house.

PART II.

Night had fallen ere Paul and his mother returned to the cottage. Both were sad and dispirited, for Doris had been seriously hurt. It might be months before she recovered, if, indeed, she ever grew quite strong again. Paul went straight to his studio. It was necessary to see about getting the bust packed and sent off without further delay. By force of long habit he felt in his pocket for the key. It was not there. In his haste he had forgotten to lock the door. It was the first time he had left his treasure unimprisoned. The room was dark. As he walked over to the shelf where the matches were kept, he trod on something hard and nearly fell over. With an instinctive fear he lighted a candle, and instantly he saw the fragments of broken marble on the ground. He started back as if he had been shot.

"Good God! How can this have happened?"

For a moment he felt as though he were passing through some horrible nightmare. But the truth burst upon him only too quickly, and he realised in all its cruelty the misfortune that had befallen him. With a bitter cry he hid his head in his hands. As he did so, the cat, which had been sleeping on one of the chairs, came to him purring, and rubbed its head against Paul's coat. He pushed it away with a curse. Here, of course, was the cause of the disaster.

With a heart almost breaking, Paul took up each piece of marble and placed it upon the table, and when at length the sad task was over he sat down before all that was left of his idol and abandoned himself to his grief.

An hour later Mrs. Denys came in to call him to supper. She tried to comfort him as best she could, but knew that she was helpless. When they spoke of it later on, they both came to the conclusion that the innocent cat had been the origin of all this trouble, and there the matter remained.

For days Paul went about with a grief-stricken face that smote Jack Grey's heart to the core. Jack's disposition was not naturally a bad one, and since he had committed this impulsive act of spite and jealousy he had felt thoroughly ashamed of himself. Nevertheless, he took his bust to London and entered it for competition.

The judges occupied some time, but at length a decision was made, and the prize awarded to a young London artist. The successful bust was placed on view for some days, and Jack went up to see it. Then he knew that in truth he had prevented his friend from winning the thousand guineas, for the thing was far less beautiful in conception and execution than the destroyed image of Doris.

Jack's disappointment at having himself failed did not last long. A more serious trouble was now his, for his whole existence was being gradually darkened by a great feeling of remorse.

"How can I make atonement for the wrong I have done my friend?" was the question he asked himself night and day. He returned to his home unhappy and repentant, fully resolved some day to make a confession to Paul. The first news that met his ear was that Doris Milson was lying at death's door.

Indeed, there was scarcely any hope that she could live. Every day, almost every hour, Paul went to ask how she was, and each time received the same answer.

Once, late in the afternoon, he went to the cottage and asked, "How is she now?" It was the fourth time he had been that day. The servant answered, "There is a little change for the worse, Sir."

"For the worse? Oh, heaven! Can I not see her?"

"No, Sir. The doctor has given orders that no one is to see her."

Paul turned away and walked slowly off in the direction of the sea.

"For the worse!" The words rang in Paul's ears as he walked along to a wild part of the beach where he thought he would be alone. His frantic thoughts were for the moment calmed by the gentle splash of the waves against the sand. The sun was sinking slowly into the sea, throwing a last roseate hue on all around, and a few sea-gulls flew overhead with noisy screams. Paul did not hear the sound of footsteps coming across the shingle towards him, for he listened only to the



With a bitter cry he hid his head in his hands.

despairing voice of his heart. But suddenly someone called his name.

"Paul."

He turned his white face and saw Jack Grey standing beside him.

"Ah! is it you, Jack?" he said wearily. "I haven't seen you for ages."

"No; I have only just come back from London."

A look of intense pain crossed Paul's face. He refrained from asking Jack about the prize, and turned from him without speaking. For a moment Jack, too, was silent. There was a bitter struggle going on within him. Then all the good in his nature overcame the bad, and he spoke.

"Paul, did you never suspect anyone of destroying your bust of Doris? Paul, you will kill me. It was I."

"You!" Paul echoed. "You? Great heaven! it cannot be true. Ah, no! not you, Jack!" Yet, when he looked at Jack's conscience-stricken countenance, the possibility of the thing came home to him.

The worst was out, and now Jack told the whole story from beginning to end.

"But, Paul," he said, after it was all over. "I mean to make reparation. I have thought of a way, and I will do it. But, for God's sake, only say that you will forgive me."

Paul was silent, and there was an angry bitterness in his heart that he scarcely knew how to suppress. With a movement full of humility, Jack laid his hand on his friend's arm.

"Paul, you will forgive me? For her sake forgive me."

Paul was looking out across the sea. The sun had gone to rest beneath the waters, leaving the sky a glorious mass of red and purple and grey. A thought flashed across the young man's mind: "What

if she were gone to rest, too!" And somehow all his bitterness melted away in the one absorbing yearning for Doris to be spared to him. How could he hope that God would hear his prayer if he refused to grant Jack's. He held out his hand.

"Be it so. Doris would wish it. I will forget."

"God bless you," the other murmured huskily. Then they walked silently back to the village together. At the cross-roads they parted, and Paul, with anxious heart, directed his steps once more to the cottage where his poor Doris lay. As he reached the gate he saw the doctor coming out.

"Tell me the worst, doctor?" he said with a gasp.

"The worst? The worst has passed, my boy. There has been a change this afternoon, and now at last I think we may begin to hope."

Thank God! His prayer, then, had been heard. During that dark hour of misery an improvement had set in, and thenceforward the sweet life that had for days hung in the balance began to gather strength and vitality once more.

A lovely, still afternoon; over everything lay that golden haze which is peculiar to the early days of autumn. Along a path bestrewn with fallen leaves walked Paul and Doris. The girl was looking fragile, but there was something of the old wild-rose bloom on her face that told of her returning to health.

"So you have nearly finished that second bust of me, Paul, and is it every bit as lovely as the one that"—Doris hesitated. Although she never understood why, his face always grew troubled when they spoke of that first work of his.

"I think so," the young fellow remarked, coming to her rescue. "But how I wish there was a chance of showing it to someone who might buy it!"

The girl slipped her hand in his. "Dear Paul, never mind. Do you know, I am so afraid you would not care for poor simple Doris if you were rich and famous."

"Hush! I forbid you talk like that. See! here's the postman. I wonder if he has a letter for us."

"Good evening. Yes, Sir, here's one for you." The postman handed Paul a letter as he passed by.

Paul looked at the envelope before opening it. The writing was unknown to him, and it was sealed with a huge crest and motto. With a slightly trembling hand he tore open the missive and read aloud as follows—

"Dear Sir,—I am directed by the Earl of Somerdene to request that you will either bring or forward to his Lordship on an early date some specimen of your work as a sculptor. The Earl has learnt the circumstances under which you were prevented from completing a bust in time for the recent competition, and desires to judge of your work with a view to making a purchase.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"JOHN BARTON, Private Secretary.

"Paul Denys, Esq."

"Good gracious, Paul! How could Lord Somerdene have found it out? Who could have told him?"

Paul was silent; his heart was beating with emotion. The Earl knew all, and there was only one being who could have told him. But it was impossible to find out just now, for Jack Grey had some-weeks ago left for Paris to fill a good appointment as assistant to a friend who was engaged on some important work of restoration.

This, then, was Jack's retribution. This was what he meant when he spoke of a possible way in which he could atone for the wrong he had done his friend, and he had not spared himself in order to carry out his intention.

The good deed bore fruit. Paul made the most of his opportunity. He secured the Earl's patronage and interest, and quickly won the reputation that his gifts entitled him to. Paul and Doris are married now, and the sculptor and his beautiful wife are no strangers in the most brilliant circles of the artistic world.



JUNE'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

Harper's
Magazine.

Prose this month exceeds pictures in interest, though C. S. Reinhart illustrates well the article "New France under British Rule"; but, with the attraction of a story by William Black, many readers will forget the drawing in their eagerness to commence "The Handsome Humes." We start with a birthday party in the Marie Antoinette room of the Hôtel Métropole—Mr. Black always does the thing in tip-top style! In the first chapter we become acquainted with the "most successful woman in England," a little pale-faced, nervous-looking bishop, a lady journalist, and a scholarly young man who ought eventually to fall in love with Lady Helen Yorke. This is quite enough to whet the appetite of the public who love the novels of Mr. Black. "The Refugees" come to an end in this number. An account of the Empress of Austria, by one of the ladies of her Court, needs corroboration. ("The Empress not only smokes from fifty to sixty Turkish cigarettes a day, but during the course of the evening she also smokes several terribly strong cigars.") Mr. Charles D. Warner writes on lectures with evident knowledge. "An Artist's Summer Vacation" deals with William M. Chase, of whom Whistler said, "The only thing I have against you is that you teach."

Pall Mall
Magazine.

The second number of this newcomer is a manifest improvement; but as yet there is a strange absence of new ideas which might excuse its addition to the crowded ranks of monthly magazines. The most readable article is Mr. A. D. Vandam's "Round About the Palais Bourbon," which might be described as "B. and S."—Blowitz and Soda—dealing, as it does, with French politicians in a daringly personal manner. Concerning M. Léon Say we learn that "his trousers seem to be at perpetual logger-heads with his shoe leather, and the two sides of his coat meet like the two sides of his budgets." Miss Braddon, Dr. Conan Doyle, and Mrs. Parr contribute fiction; Lady Brooke discusses the question "What is Society?" with cheery optimism; Dr. Sisley recommends Southwold; and the Hon. George Curzon writes pleasantly concerning "Strange Cities of the Far East." Most of the illustrations are "process" work; a full-page design to "The Black Art" is striking, and the article "Mary Astell" is adorned in a really charming manner by A. T. Young. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's curious poem has some quaint designs by Lawrence Housman. There is a pretty poem by Mr. Norman Gale.

Century
Magazine.

There is plenty for the artist this month in the *Century*. In addition to a first-rate article on Daniel Vierge, with examples of his fine work, the illustrations are of a high order of excellence. Of Vierge we read that he is slowly recovering from paralysis, and draws now with the left hand. Mr. Edmund Gosse gives a careful appreciation of Miss Christina Rossetti, and says, "So far as we can observe, the strength of the great poet-women has been in their selection." Musicians must not fail to peruse the article "An Hour with Robert Franz," which has a fine engraving of the great tone-poet. I must express my relief at the absence of any article on Chicago. Mr. Archibald Forbes recounts the oft-told story of the Prince Imperial's death. Mr. Jonas Stalling gives a fairly interesting account of Count Tolstói in the Russian Famine. The fiction is varied, and the poetry is middling.

Atalanta.

No striking illustration adorns this summer number. The story by R. L. Stevenson has premier position in the literary contents. A pretty poem by Katherine Tynan should be read by all who watch the rise of our verse-writers. Mrs. Mayo gives a further instalment of able criticism of Whittier, and mentions the curious fact that the poet was colour-blind. There is nothing remarkable in a paper on "Artistic London," while the complete story by E. Malan is simply a prose version of the well-known poem entitled "The Singing of the Magnificat." I have always liked *Atalanta*, and, perhaps, that may excuse my humbly offering a little advice: Let the editor strive to individualise the paper by making it the voice of cultivated young women. Why not give a series of articles on the numerous professions now entered by women; thoroughly thrash out the question of co-operative residences for women in London and great cities; describe the charities and philanthropies founded by women, &c.? For a magazine to live nowadays, I think it must justify its existence by uttering no uncertain sound. *Atalanta* has a decided *raison d'être*, and, therefore, I cordially wish it increased success. X.

SHOULD CYCLISTS BE REGISTERED?

There is one objection to the Marquis of Granby's proposal to register cyclists which a correspondent thinks has not received the attention it merits. It is late in the day to expatiate on the advantages, from a health point of view, of physical exercise; yet it must be admitted that many elderly persons are somewhat oblivious of them. To such the unchecked and unregistered cyclist is an undoubted blessing. By careering wildly on his course, giving utterance the while to warning yelps on his horn, he compels elderly folk to displays of agility which cannot fail to improve materially their physical condition. But for the necessity of muscular exertion thus forced upon them these worthy persons would undoubtedly fall victims to obesity, with results painful to contemplate. Even the cyclist has his uses.

MR. WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

Doubtless it is no news that the editor of the *Saturday Review* wields his sword as skilfully as his pen, and that he is, and has been, one of the foremost and most enthusiastic supporters of the revival of the art of swordsmanship in England.

His brilliancy with the "queen of weapons," especially in the dash and fire of his attack, is so well reputed that I availed myself of the offer of an introduction to him with unfeigned pleasure, feeling sure



Photo by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. POLLOCK.

that my visit would certainly be replete with interest to myself, and I trusted it might also prove so to the readers of *The Sketch*. My first welcome came from Master Rex, a bulldog, looking as dangerous, but proving as peaceable, as the array of lethal weapons in the hall of Mr. Pollock's residence at Kensington. These represent generally refined as well as barbarous forms of killing, whether military or murderous. It is a miscellaneous assembly of weapons. The Soudan sword seems to have no part or lot with the elegant rapiers handled by Henry Irving in "Hamlet" and in "The Corsican Brothers," while the Toledo blade, supple as a cane, appears to bear no cousinship to the contraband gimlet knife of New Orleans or the Jibbeway club with the stain of human gore upon it.

Upstairs in his "study," in which words in print and swords with point are associated with each other on the walls, you meet the agile fencer.

"Many thanks, Mr. Pollock, for your kind letter. But tell me what is the significance of the curious crest, &c., on your notepaper?" I remarked, by way of opening the conversation, "for the name of the Kernoozers' Club is new to me," I added.

"As a matter of fact, the club has no special habitation," Mr. Pollock rejoined. "We meet in one another's houses. The club's *raison d'être* is to foster the love of arms, offensive and defensive. By our rules we are compelled to own up to any new find of ancient armour, which we exhibit and descant upon at our periodical meetings. We are, besides, a convivial body who 'hobnob' over subjects congenial to our little community, which numbers about twenty members."

"But has your little clique any practical aim?" I asked.

"Yes; I hope so. We are interested in the genuineness of armour; we trace its history and encourage its study. Our knowledge and experience enable us to expose much spurious material, not only in private houses, but even in national collections, while we have been of

use, I think, in rearranging trophies ascribed to wrong periods and to incorrect individuals."

"But how did you come to designate your club the Kernoozers'—there is rather a comic ring about the name?"

"Oh, that was purely the outcome of a chance remark overheard by one of us at Christie's saleroom one day, where a loiterer, having an artistic air, on being interrogated with reference to a piece of old armour, declared that he could give no information, as he was no 'Kernoozer,' meaning no connoisseur. The episode was related to us by one of our members, and when we were casting about for a club name that of Kernoozer was at once adopted as a particularly happy one. Perhaps you may like to have a look at one of our proceedings at the Kernoozers', where the encounter between two swordsmen, additionally armed with daggers (*main gauche*), is represented at a meeting of the club," said Mr. Pollock, as he placed a drawing before me.

I noticed on Mr. Pollock's writing-table what I took to be a child's toy—it was a cup-and-ball; but Mr. Pollock explained to me that its use was of the greatest value to the fencer as a practice both to eye and hand, and that it used to be an invariable adjunct to a swordsman's household gods. He then showed me several swords with different guards and various daggers, masks, and fencing jackets. Then, handling a foil, he demonstrated his morning's practice on a velvet target hanging by the chimney-piece.

I found Mr. Pollock, alas! far too diffident of his powers as a swordsman to be usefully communicative, and he took greater pleasure



Walter Herries Pollock, M.A.

MR. POLLOCK'S BOOK-PLATE.

in expatiating on the adroitness and address of other swordsmen than about himself.

"And what is your opinion as to duelling, Mr. Pollock?" I asked presently.

"I am afraid I have no very decided views, except that in countries where duelling is not illegal there might very profitably be instituted a Court of Honour to determine when a meeting is incumbent on the parties. French duels, for instance, are, as a rule, farcical from beginning to end."

"Then, you support fencing chiefly as an exercise?"

"Yes, among civilians. It brings almost every muscle into play;

it educates the eye, improves the balance of the body, and trains the temper; besides, it is a pastime that the oldest can keep up to the last, and also one that women can adopt with advantage, as inducive to an elegant carriage."

"Will you tell me something of your fencing education?"

"Well, J. W. Waite, whose book on swordsmanship you may have seen, was my first instructor when I took up fencing after I left Cambridge. He was an excellent master, and was himself a pupil of the elder Prevost. I took lessons in the French style of fencing, also, from the well-known Thieriet, now in Brussels, and another excellent instructor was Philippe Bourgeois. Afterwards I joined that school of fencing to which all English swordsmen eventually gravitate."

"Was not a public lecture on the sword given not long ago?"

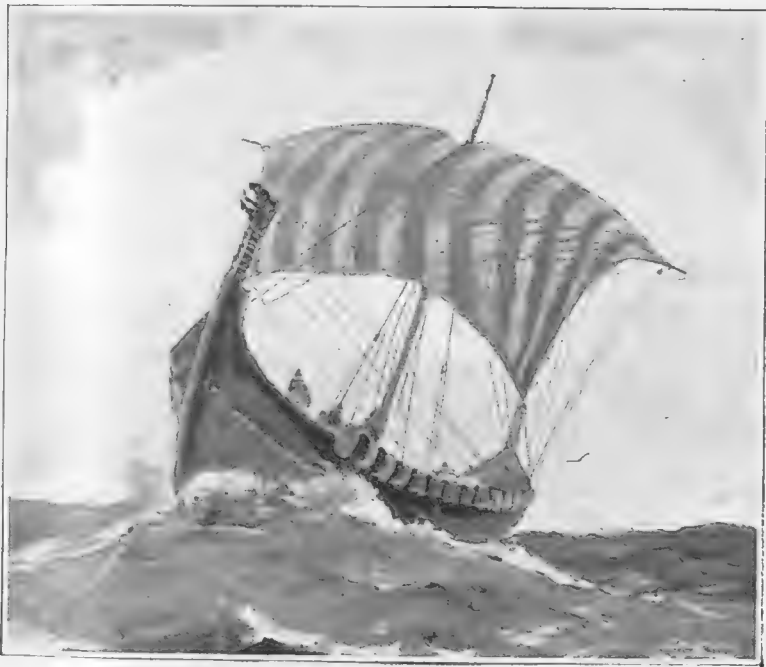
"Yes, about two years ago Captain Egerton Castle gave a lecture on the Lyceum stage, illustrating with practical demonstrations, and tracing the history of swordsmanship from the earliest period down to the present time. The Prince of Wales was kind enough to feel sufficient interest in the subject as to request its repetition shortly afterwards."

Then our conversation turned to topics of literary and dramatic interest, on which Mr. Pollock is, of course, well able to speak, not only as a deeply read student of history and a successful lecturer at the Royal Institution, but also as a playwright. His collaboration with Mr. Walter Besant of "The Ballad-Monger" is still fresh in the memory, while his drama of "St. Ronan's Well," in conjunction with that past-master in stagecraft, Mr. Richard Davey, is on the eve of production under Mrs. Horace Nevill's management.

T. H. L.

THE VIKING SHIP.

It was one of the convictions of Miss Hilda Wangel—confided in one of her ecstatic moments to the Master-Builder—that it would be thrilling to have the old Viking spirit and be carried off in a Viking's ship. Miss Wangel is not so mad as she seems to many people, for her wish



might be realised to-day, and that, too, in a much more thrilling way than could be possible in cruising among the fjords of Norway. It was the lot of few, if any, Vikings to cross the Atlantic as the model of their adventurous craft, the Viking, is doing, so that the people of Chicago may be afforded another sensation. The Viking is modelled on an old ship unearthed thirteen years ago from a mound at a village called Gokstad, near Sandefjord, Norway. Her length is 81 ft., width 16½ ft., and extreme depth 5½ ft. The bow is decorated like the old Viking ships, with dragon's head and tail. These are gilded and embellished with green and red. The third plank from the top is supplied with oar-locks for sixteen pairs of oars, which will be used on the canals and rivers between New York and Chicago, but are closed on the ocean trip. On her only mast, which is 51 ft. high, the vessel has one square sail, 32 ft. wide at the top and 37½ ft. at the bottom, and made of red and white striped duck. Her standard is of red felt, bearing a gilt lion and the name of the ship. She also has a Viking banner of red felt with a black raven. On each side are placed eight shields, painted black and yellow. To make the voyage safe, she is supplied with floating piers of reindeer skin, 21 décimètres in diameter. She has no deck, the interior being like an ordinary row-boat. The rudder is, after an old model, placed on the starboard side. There are two rows of seats, which extend from bow to stern. To preserve the charts, instruments, and crew's baggage, the vessel contains four water and air-tight compartments made of oak. The old Viking ships had no mess-room, but a gallows-like fixture on the mast, from which was suspended a copper kettle, with a fireplace on sand and stones underneath; but in the model modern improvements have taken the place of these primitive things. Like trading ships, she carries lawful lanterns. Her crew numbers twelve men.

AT THE EMPIRE.

The ballet of "Round the Town" has just run into a second edition. The first impression—to use the printer's term—was a large one, as the supply has lasted over eight months, and the demand has certainly been constant and considerable. For my part, I have seen it, on an average, about twice a week, and I am not tired of it yet. A ballet is the one sort of performance that one can see over and over again, and when the ballet is a good one I find it difficult to limit my devotions to it. In this particular case it had not occurred to me that a second edition was called for, but now that it has come I am delighted with what it gives us, and only sorry for what it takes away. There is a new scene in Trafalgar Square, the shoeblacks are provided with more up-to-date songs, and the *fin-de-siècle* ladies with yet more *fin-de-siècle* gowns and bonnets. In the scene outside the Empire there is a new grotesque dance by Mr. Fred Flexmore—a nightmare of a dance—and a sort of mild *caneen* of fashionably dressed ladies. Then the last scene has been ingeniously pulled about and rearranged; the French elegance of Mdlle. Savigny has been reinforced by the Italian training of Signorina Carozzi, who, one fears, has the defects without the qualities of Signorina Cerale, whom she replaces; and Britannia rules the waves in a somewhat new finale. One of the things I miss is the particular flower-girl dance which used to be done so exquisitely by Mdlle. Cora in the first scene. It is true that she does another dance instead, and with the same charm and individuality; but it disappoints me not to be able to watch for the entrance of that market cart, the ingenious collapse of its basket-covered side, the descent of the dancing vegetables, and that triumphant apparition—

Cora, like the herald Spring,
Radiantly blossoming
Into fleeting hues withdrawn
From an April-coloured dawn,
When the sun prepares, they say,
To dance upon an Easter day.

But I find I am dropping into rhyme, and I must get back as near as I can to mere prose, which is what the Editor asks of me. What I was going to say when I interrupted myself was that, with all the nice novelties and improvements of the second edition, there are still reasons for cherishing an affectionate memory—in that good way of literary collectors—of the *editio princeps*.

I knew every corner of that first edition so well that it will take me a little time to accustom myself to the placing of all this new brilliance. It amuses me sometimes to sit at the back of the promenade, and, undistracted by my somewhat too agreeably distracting surroundings, to follow, by the sound of the music, every movement of the ballet on the stage, which I see only in my mind's eye. Now, I say to myself, the Volunteers are marching on to the sound of that haunting bit of march music to which my feet have kept time on Piccadilly pavements, on country roads, on the deck of Channel steamers. Now Miss Elise Clere, Captain of Volunteers, comes down on her heels with that odd little jerk which brings her into position at the head of her men. Now the swell ladies are dancing to the bootblacks' tune, and the soft hair of that Italian girl who smiles so prettily is flapping up and down on her forehead as it always does. Now Mdlle. Cora, in white, circles seriously on her toes in front of the writhing line of Nautch girls. I know just how she will spread out her hands in the conventional bow that she makes so personal, so winning. And now it is the dainty disorder of the Lottie Collins dance, and in my mind's eye I look from face to face along the two lines, resting, perhaps, on a particular oval, out of which two great, serious eyes smile strangely. And now, I know, Miss Lizzie Vincent, with her look of good-humoured ease, is doing that difficult, delightful, leaping dance on one foot across the stage; now Miss Ada Vincent, in her white and pink finery—resolute not to smile—stands, with beautiful severity, for England. I see it all, and I see it as in a mirror, with something new and strange in its enticing artificiality. Well, for the present I shall have to give up that little amusement, until I have grown familiar with the fresh music, the transposition of scenes. The task will be its own reward, for evenings at the Empire are, for such serious students of frivolity as myself, the most delightful, the most satisfying, the most profitable way of spending one's leisure time.

A. S.

BEHIND HER FAN.

Behind her fan, all painted o'er
With shepherds' maids and Loves galore,
Her chin was lost her laces' mid,
While I, scarce knowing what I did,
Glanced now at her, then at the floor.

I felt that I could kneel before
Even the very flowers she wore,
Or but the glove of softest kid,
Behind her fan.

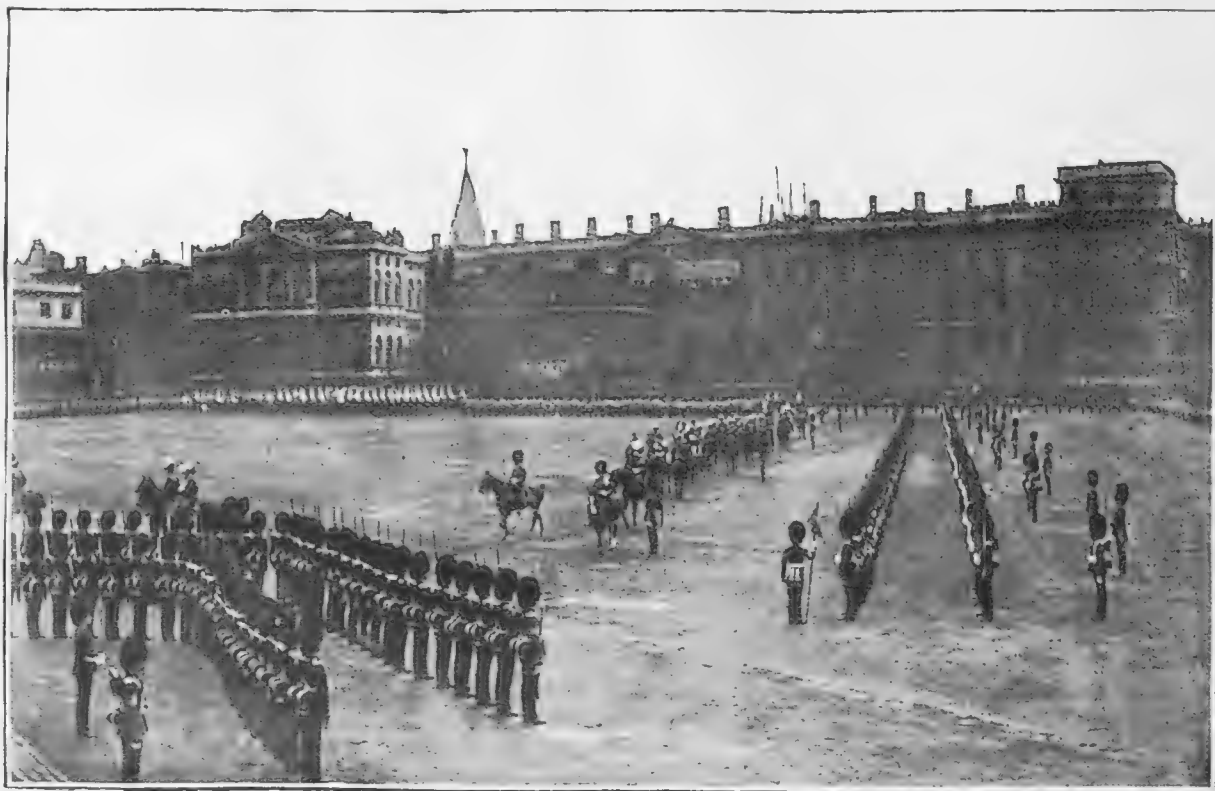
I longed, at once, to seek the door,
And to remain and venture more,
I wondered if she'd tell, if bid—
Whether a smile or yawn she hid
Behind her fan!—Life.

HOW TOMMY ATKINS CELEBRATES THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Custom does not stifle the celebration of the Queen's birthday. On the contrary, the event becomes more interesting year by year, as it marks another step towards that point which will make her Majesty's reign memorable for its length, if for nothing else. To the red-coat the day is a red-letter day, for Tommy Atkins is very much in requisition. His most brilliant appearance is at the trooping of the colour on the Horse Guards Parade, Whitehall. Here the Guards are assembled in all their glitter and glory. An officer equipped with the Queen's

the whole of the population of the two islands—men, women, and children—turn out, not only to witness the military pageant, but to join in one common bond of loyal feeling and enthusiasm in expressions of dutiful respect and hearty goodwill for their Queen.

Jersey is *en fête*. The streets of St. Hélier, as they are lit up by the rays of the rising sun, literally glow. There is a liberal display of flags everywhere, while the gigantic signal-post on Fort Regent, towering over the town, is a bright mass of colour, crowned by the Royal Standard, gaily floating here in the morning breeze, as well as on the venerable battlements of Castle Elizabeth, of historical fame. It is the celebration of her Majesty's seventy-fourth anniversary, and the loyalty of Jerseyites is a patriotic sentiment on which they justly pride themselves; so everybody



ARRIVAL OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE.

colour, and flanked by colour-sergeants, passes in solemn procession along the front of the line, the front rank of the escort passing in file between the front and rear ranks, and the rear rank of the escort passing between the rear and supernumerary. The ceremony, however, is so familiar that our illustrations explain themselves. In Malta the troops line the bastions and fire a *feu de joie*, while the men-of-war lying in the harbour fire a royal salute. In Gibraltar the Governor entertains the Spanish Governor of Algeciras. In Paris, again, the British Ambassador gives a dinner to the chief notabilities of the English colony.

In the Channel Islands the day is *the* day of the year. The centre of attraction both in Jersey and Guernsey is St. Hélier and St. Peter-Port, their respective towns, which on this occasion look brave with bunting. From early morning dense crowds of people in holiday attire pour in from the country parishes, in anticipation of the review, which, apart from other festivities and public rejoicing, is the principal event of the day. It is not an exaggerated statement, then, to say that, with the exception of the old and infirm,

is stirring. From the adjacent parishes the trains of the two railway lines in the island are disgorging large contingents of passengers, while the inhabitants of more distant parishes use every available means of locomotion in order to repair to the town. Crowds are moving in the direction of St. Aubin's. Here, on the expansive sands of the beautiful bay, the military and, to a very limited extent, naval review—if H.M. gunboat *Mistletoe*, anchored in the offing justifies the term—takes place. Punctually at eleven o'clock the troops, regulars and militia, find themselves on the parade ground, but, greatly in advance of them, the spectators are gradually taking possession of the slopes of Westmount Hill, overlooking the bay. The hour approaches, martial sounds are heard, and the belated ones have the satisfaction, at any rate, of gazing upon the Town Regiment gallantly marching through the streets on the way to the review, headed by the solitary remaining specimen of ancient Jersey cavalry, known as "Troopers," but irreverently yclept "Pig-Drivers" by the St. Hélier street arab. The hour of noon arrives, and with it the booming of guns and the musketry fire commence, the whole followed



THE BAND MARCHING PAST AT THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE.



THE LEADING COMPANY OF GUARDS ABOUT TO MARCH PAST.

by three ringing cheers for the Queen, given in the midst of the wildest excitement.

"*Es mourtres*" is an expression that, to the uninitiated, must sound outlandish enough. Yet, in the Guernsey vernacular, relic of a Norman dialect, it signifies the militia review, invariably held to commemorate the anniversary of her Majesty's birth. In times gone by the insular



THE TOWN REGIMENT PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF ST. HELIER ON THE WAY TO THE REVIEW.

force only took part in the military demonstration, in later years the garrison troops necessarily have joined in, and so the origin of the quaint phrase has obviously lost its true meaning. In Guernsey, as in the sister island, the day's programme is much the same, though from a picturesque point of view the military operations are conducted on a site offering greater and, therefore, better advantages for the display. The Belvedere field, where the review is held, is encompassed by the ramparts and batteries of Fort George, that elevated citadel commanding the ancient Castle Cornet, and a fine panoramic seascape, confined, to the east, by the islands of Sark, Herm, and Jethou; then, looking northwards, a glimpse of the dreaded Casquets rocks is obtained, with the frowning coast of Alderney farther yet in the distance. The ramparts and batteries, lining the Belvedere field on its three sides, afford comfortable points of vantage for the sightseers, and, as under ordinary circumstances from 15,000 to 17,000 persons congregate here, the spectacle thus offered is singularly striking. As to loyalty and demonstrative enthusiasm, the Guernsey people do not lack one or the other.

CROWNED HEADS.

Rumours are again current at the Italian Court to the effect that the King and Queen, with the Prince of Naples, will visit this country in the autumn, should the political situation here permit. If the visit takes place, their Majesties would arrive in time for the Cowes regatta, when the German Emperor will also be here, King Humbert coming by sea, accompanied by a squadron of ironclads. Naturally, the projected visit revives the old rumours of an alliance between the Houses of Guelph and Savoy.

Prince Albrecht of Prussia, Regent of Brunswick, whose letter respecting Bismarck and the Kaiser has caused such a sensation during the last few weeks, is very unpopular in the duchy on account of his constant absence. Thus, last winter he stayed only a few days and in the greatest quietude in Brunswick, but subsequently proceeded to Hanover, where he gave a series of brilliant fêtes in the Royal Palace. He then went on to Berlin. This caused great indignation in Brunswick. The cause of his Royal Highness's action is that the Diet refuses to increase his civil list. He, therefore, sulks and stays away.

A capital story is told of King Oscar. When travelling in Sweden, the other day, the train at night stopped for a while at some small town, which was brilliantly illuminated, conspicuous being a grey, sombre-looking building, facing the station, with a flaring transparency bearing the words, "Welcome, your Majesty." "What building is that?" queried his Majesty. "The county jail, Sire," responded a local dignitary. "Really?" replied the King, smiling; "almost too much politeness." His Majesty, by-the-way, has conferred his gold medal *de Literis et Artibus* on Madame Hegermann-Lindencrone, wife of the Danish Minister in Stockholm, for the excellent manner in which she produced "H.M.S. Pinafore" recently before his Majesty at the Danish Embassy at Stockholm. The Crown Princess of Sweden and Norway has presented her Majesty the Queen with a copy of her "Diary in Egypt."

The presents of the Czar and Czarina to the Emir of Bokhara are as splendid as they are costly. To the Emir of Bokhara he has presented a *panache* for his turban, in the cockade of which is a magnificent turquoise of immense value, set in diamonds, whence spreads a fan of diamonds. Further, a jewel casket of solid gold, with the initials "A. III." in diamonds, surmounted by the imperial crown, formed with the same gems; a round drinking-table, resting on feet of silver shaped as griffins, with beautiful pictures on the surface in enamel, and the Russian white eagle in the centre, also in enamel. Finally, a silver bowl for serving koumiss, with six silver cups and a spoon; a silver-gilt tea service in Russian style, ornamented with golden eagles; several silver saucers of beautiful workmanship and covered with enamels, and a huge silver vase. There are, besides, several costly kaftans, and whole bales of silver and gold brocade, velvets, and silks of priceless value. Of the kaftans must be mentioned one of gold brocade, with a peerless fringe of amethysts, garnets, and rubies, and another of blue velvet lined with matchless sable. The Emir's son received a gold watch and chain studded with diamonds, the former bearing the initials of the Czar, a writing set of solid gold, a jewel casket of onyx, and three kaftans—one of gold brocade, one of velvet with gold fringes, and one lined with sable. In addition, the Ministers of the Emir received valuable presents of tea services, watches, vases, saucers of gold and silver in enamel, and costly kaftans. Every attendant received a silver watch and a kaftan of cloth with gold border—truly, gifts worthy of the Czar of All the Russias for his chief vassal!



THE GREAT REVIEW AT ST. PETER-PORT, GUERNSEY.

Photo by T. Singleton, Guernsey.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

To few people, even among his own countrymen, does mention of Bernardin de St. Pierre's name recall anything beyond the fact that he was the author of "Paul and Virginia." It is right, no doubt, that he should be remembered as such, but less than just that he should be remembered only as such. It is well to wear an immortal feather in one's cap, but not well to stand for ever in its shadow. Yet this is the fate which has overtaken St. Pierre—a fate which would have seemed to him as his sorrows' crown of sorrow, for he was an egotist of surpassing self-consciousness, and many and disastrous as were the mistakes he committed, none perhaps was so great as his omission to write his autobiography. Few men possessing so piquant an individuality and having so adventurous a story to tell have suffered so severely as St. Pierre. His widow and her second husband put together a biography and published it while his memory was still green; but the book proved to be an altar rather than a monument, and through the fumes of the incense the true St. Pierre is scarcely visible. A portrait to match the biography rendered the eclipse total. The angelic type created by Girodet was deceptive enough, but, as at each reproduction it became more and more angelic, the real Bernardin speedily melted into legend and was forgotten.

Nearly forty years after his death he was revived by Ste. Beuve, and again, after the lapse of another forty years, M. Barine has retold the story ("Grands Écrivains Français," Hachette, 1891), and those who are unable to enjoy it in his crisp French will do well to make the best of a translation which Mr. Fisher Unwin has just issued,* with the welcome bonus of a characteristic introduction from the pen of Mr. Augustine Birrell. The portrait by Lafitte, which we reproduce, serves M. Barine both as frontispiece and text. It was drawn from life when St. Pierre was sixty-eight, and is as characteristic as Girodet's is unreal. The face is not less handsome, and the thinner locks still curl to the shoulders, but there the resemblance ends. In the Lafitte the expression has more of sharpness than sweetness, while the knitted brows strikingly disclose that unaccommodating temper which made St. Pierre a life-long trial to himself and to his friends.

From the cradle to the grave he was a spoilt child; but the picture we get of the spoiling is not unattractive. He was born at Havre, in 1737, of a *bourgeois* family with dubious pretensions to noble origin. His childhood was ideally happy, for he was allowed to grow up almost as irresponsibly as Topsy. The imaginative side of his nature, inherited from his mother, was, from the first, stimulated out of all due proportion by the old-wives' tales of his nurse and of Brother Paul, a jolly and friendly monk who frequented the house. But the child's chief pride and pleasure was in the petting he received from his godmother, Madame de Bayard the elder, who always understood him best. She was a clever and amiable countess, who had acquired the art of being delightful at the Court of Louis XIV., of which fairyland she told her godson endless stories, with real princes and princesses for *dramatis personæ*. Having too little money of her own, she unselfishly borrowed of her friends, whom she could not otherwise have entertained properly, and made many presents to her godson. A long summer's ramble through Normandy with kind Brother Paul having given Bernardin his first sight of the real country, he commenced as a Worshipper of Nature, and, that he might be free of her temple, he determined to become a Capuchin. By this time he was nearly twelve, and was fighting his

father's opposition stoutly, when, presto! the wise fairy godmother, appeared with "Robinson Crusoe" for wand, and changed the boy's ideal. From that moment he began to look for an island—an island to be peopled with many docile and happy Fridays, happy because docile under Bernardin's benignant sceptre. His uncle let him begin the search without delay, giving him a passage on a vessel about to sail for Martinique; but the genius of the Atlantic unkindly concealed all its suitable islands from Bernardin's view, and he returned to Havre disappointed. He was not, however, discouraged—indeed, he never, all his life, quite relinquished the quest, for, like most men who signally fail in the conduct of their own lives, he never ceased to yearn to play the *beau rôle* for the benefit of others. Meantime, ardent study of the Jesuit missionaries' travels decided him to follow in their steps forthwith, even to martyrdom; but from this path he suffered himself to be diverted by the copious tears of his mother and nurse. After a few years more of desultory education at Rouen and Paris, he was lucky enough to receive

a military commission which had been intended for someone else, and did a year's campaigning in Hesse (1760). It ended by his being sent home for insubordination, and a fresh term of service at Malta had a like ending. Failing reinstatement in the King's service, he inundated the departments with "memorials" on every conceivable subject, which were uniformly ignored. When tired of this and of starving on borrowed half-crowns, he set out for Russia with little but his *beaux yeux* and his voice of the charmer for viaticum, and after four years' experience of fleeting triumphs and lasting tribulations in various parts of Europe he returned to Paris in 1766, weighted with debts and without resources save such as lurked in the purse of his constant but sorely tried friend Hemmin, of the Foreign Office. A two years' siege of the Government resulted in occasional trifling grants of money, and finally in his being sent to the Ile de France as captain of Engineers. There he spent two or three quarrelsome and melancholy years, returning to France in 1771 with nothing but his journals in his pocket. Out of these he conjured his "Voyage à l'Ile de France," published in 1773. It attracted little attention, and

is now chiefly interesting for descriptions of nature which anticipated in style and motive those of Rousseau's "Confessions" and "Rêveries." The island of the "Voyage" was a melancholy place, resounding only with the insults offered to the author and the crack of the slave-driver's lash. His better and no less real impressions of it revealed themselves long years afterwards in the radiant pages of "Paul and Virginia."

With his return from Mauritius St. Pierre's prolonged *Wanderjahre* ended, and he found, perhaps without recognising it, his true mission as a man of letters. Ten years of poverty, borne with little dignity, elapsed before success came with the publication of the "Études de la Nature" in 1784. "Paul and Virginia," which belonged to these as an illustrative episode, was suppressed in deference to the yawns of a distinguished party which heard the MS. read in Madame Necker's salon, but it was courageously inserted in an additional volume of "Études" published four years later. It had been the exceeding verbosity of the Old Man which had chilled the distinguished audience, and it is not improbable that something of this was cut out before publication. At all events, the still hazardous amount spared did not prevent the romance from being received with unbounded applause all over the world, and ever after the author lived as happily as his amiable habit of quarrelling with his colleagues of the Institut permitted. No more significant evidence of the popularity of "Paul and Virginia" remains than the decaying heap of bricks and mortar erected over the supposititious tomb of the romantic pair, and the eagerness with which it is sought by every civilised visitor to the remote island St. Pierre made illustrious. J. D. C.



BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

Reproduced from an engraving by Ribault after Lafitte, 1805.

* "Bernardin de St. Pierre." By Arvède Barine. Translated by J. E. Gordon. With portrait. Fisher Unwin, 1893.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



HALF AFRAID.—G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD.
EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ART NOTES.

We reproduce in these columns from a print of the Berlin Photographic Company a picture by Mr. B. W. Leader, A.R.A., in the Henry Tate



THE RUINED SANCTUARY.—S. E. WALLER.

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collection—the "Valley of the Llugwy." The work has a simpler conception and the detail is treated from a broader point of view than is usually to be found in a Leader—one, at any rate, of the most personal painters among the followers of the Sacred House. The foreground is mere water and rock; the middle distance is relieved from a certain monotony of line by the spreading trees on the right, trees whose foliage is thin enough to show the articulate frame of the trunk and branch work. Against the background rise the low hills, melting into cloud and sky, and the whole is lit by a brilliant sunshine. In general effect the picture is admirably interpreted in our illustration.

Another picture reproduced by the same company, "The Ruined Sanctuary," by Mr. S. E. Waller, was familiar to visitors at the Royal Academy last year. It is a kind of picture with which Mr. Waller has not often associated himself hitherto. He has, for the most part, contented himself, or, rather, has chosen for his customary subject, to produce some scene of love or necessity from the manorial life of the country. "Coming of Age," "Return from the Honeymoon," "He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons"—these kind of subjects set in a land-

scape near the heavy architecture of baronial halls, on the steps, near the steps, in avenues near lodges, have occupied Mr. Waller's artistic vision. In this picture he has chosen a more romantic and more poignant subject. He has called it "The Ruined Sanctuary," and, of course, one guesses that the term is to be applied to the human as well as to the still interest of the scene. The girl droops by the Virgin's shrine; near her the dumb animals creep, as it were, in a kind of sympathy, and the dim lights of the landscape gleam through the trees, according well with the spirit of the subject.

It is a problem about which opinions have been various—whether funds to be devoted to the encouragement of young painters are well or ill spent. Painters, indeed, are many, artists are few; and, for the most part, artists—we use the word in its restrictive sense—will assert themselves in the long run, despite the struggles of early life. Indeed, the struggles of early life do often emphasise and harden the artistic qualities which belong to the young artist; and as for the mere employer of paint, whose artistic existence is not justified and whose canvases only go to fill an empty world with useless lumber, money spent over their encouragement had better been given to the man in the street. Therefore, it is with temperate feelings of delight that we record the legacy of the Earl of Derby to the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool, which consists of £2000 for the encouragement of rising artists.

The Summer Exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society is now open to the public, and, although it is not exactly of a nature to set the Thames on fire, it has a few works of merit, a sight of which might repay a visit. There is an interesting realisation of character in a picture by Alfred Prager, "Father, I have sinned." The aged monk, who very quietly receives the confession of the girl, has quite a subtle character of tolerance and wisdom. A word, and not more than a word, is necessary on Mr. W. K. Stevens's "Love's Token": it is a deplorable piece of work that succeeds in appreciably lowering the average of the whole room. A picture of a little child by Claude Cardon, "May Blossom," is extremely pretty in its conception of child life and child character; and Mr. Dering Curtois has succeeded in producing a very gay effect in his rather audacious, but incompletely accomplished, "A Pantomime Rehearsal," the subject being a little girl in a moment of vital activity as she throws her right leg forward in the dance. Mr. William Luker's "Bedouins Crossing the Desert" has quite a quality of sunshine, and Mr. J. Olsson's study of moonrise, if a little impossible, has a strange interest of its own. Of the pictures on the screen, Mr. Cregeen's little absurdity, "Defiance," a moment in the life of a Japanese doll, is quite humorous and is, moreover, well painted. Among the mistakes in the catalogue, a medallion announced as "Lord Alfred Tennyson" (439) might be corrected.

On June 10 a very interesting portrait exhibition of writers and journalists will be opened at Paris in M. Petit's gallery, consisting of the portraits of many French writers and journalists of the century. It is an even bet (so rumour whispers) that M. de Blowitz will be represented in forty-seven different costumes and "situations."



THE VALLEY OF THE LLUGWY.—B. W. LEADER, A.R.A.

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"À LA FRANCE!" EN ALSACE, LE 14 JUILLET.—J. J. ENDERS.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



MADAME ALBANI AS ELSA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

TÊTE-À-TÊTE WITH GREAT SINGERS.

MADAME ALBANI GYE.

"I love 'The Boltous' for more reasons than one," said Madame Albani, in reply to some observations I made on the beauty of flowering shrub and tree in that most lovely quarter of fashionable London, the bright morning I called on behalf of *The Sketch*. "But the chief reason that endears 'The Boltous' to me is that here Jenny Lind lived, for years; the very atmosphere seems sacred to her influence as a great singer and woman, and," said Madame Albani, with thoughtful hesitation, "I sometimes think how empty is fame—how much nobler it is to be a good woman than a great one; but Jenny Lind was both. Just where you sit now she sat the last time I saw her, and we had such a talk I shall never forget. One of my greatest treasures is her copy of the air in 'Freischütz,' marked in her own hand, with her phrasing and interpolations. I always sing from that copy; it never fails to inspire me."



Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.

MADAME ALBANI AS ELSA.

which was a superb portrait of the late Emperor William, displaying a flattering inscription to the great singer in his well-known flowing handwriting.

"Yes, it is an excellent likeness of the kind old Emperor. He presented me with it personally together with the Order of Merit of Germany to mark his approval of my singing of Eva in the 'Meistersingers' and Elsa in 'Lohengrin.'"

"Do you admire Wagner?"

"Most enthusiastically!" exclaimed Madame; "but I also make a special study of oratorio. I sing at three Festivals this year, and have a great *tournee* of concerts, and appear at Covent Garden during the present season."

"And what, may I ask, has been your most pleasurable success lately?"

"My engagement in Austria, last January. Ah! that was indeed a pleasure, since it was not unmingled with fear, for you must know," said Madame, impressively, "that the Austrians are the most critical public in the world, and not at all willing to accept the verdict of any other. My first appearance was at a great concert under the directorship of Herr Richter. The Imperial family were present, including the brother of the Emperor. The presence of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland gave me courage to sustain the freezing reception I received, which one or two attempts at applause made appear more chilling by the promptitude with which it was suppressed, and I felt for the moment deeply hurt and embarrassed. I began the grand air of Norma, and had scarcely sung a dozen bars when a storm of applause burst forth, so deafening I could scarcely hear my own voice. The Rubicon was crossed in safety, but it was the most trying experience of my twenty years of professional life. I also sang the Haydn air in the 'Creation' in English, and the grand duet of 'The Flying Dutchman' in German. Altogether, I was recalled twenty times."

"A recall," I ventured to remark, "for each year of your artistic career."

"Yes," said Madame, with a charming smile, "and I quite look forward to my return to Vienna next winter."

"And may I ask what manner of gown you wore on that momentous occasion, if the subject of dress is not too frivolous in this instance?"

"By no means," answered Madame, reassuringly. "I have always considered dress a most important consideration in appearing before the public. The eye should be given pleasure as well as the ear. My gown was of pale pink satin, my favourite colour, embroidered in silver. It is the same that I shall wear at the State Concert. I also wore all my orders—the Jubilee Order and Victoria Badge, bestowed on me by her Majesty the Queen, the Order of Merit of Germany, and the Order of Merit of Denmark, given me by the King himself."

"While talking of dress, may I ask if you approve of artists wearing low gowns when singing in oratorio?"

"I should be loth to offer any criticism on that point, but for myself I can say that I would never think of wearing a low gown when singing the sacred themes of oratorio. It would be, for obvious reasons, entirely

out of place, and I have always made it a practice to wear a high gown—a black one always for the 'Messiah.'"

"Are you fond of change and travel, Madame?"

"Well, I must confess I am not fond of wandering very far from my home and dear old London. I hear that Signor Foli is going to South Africa; but who will listen to him? Surely not the Boers, who, I understand, are half savages!"

"By no means, dear Madame," I hastened to say. "The Boers are very appreciative lovers of music, and, although grave and simple in their tastes like most Dutchmen, are passionately fond of music, as Signor Foli will find when he makes his bow to a Johannesburg audience in the Transvaal."

"I am glad to hear you say that, since the Boers are descended from the Dutch, whom I have found most enthusiastic. I am very fond of Holland, it's a little England. I remember my first appearance in 'Faust' in Amsterdam. In the last act the stage was so laden with floral offerings that I fell on a bed of flowers when singing the death air of Margarita."

"An American singer once told me a pretty incident in her career," said I. "It was this. She was singing in a sacred concert, given in the old cathedral in Albany, New York. When about to begin her solo from the 'Messiah,' the grey-haired old organist turned to her and whispered, 'Mind you do your best, for you are on the very spot where Albani has often stood and sung like an angel.'"

"Is that true, Madame?"

"The first part of it, most certainly," answered Madame, with an amused smile. "I know the old cathedral well; I was only sixteen when I used to sing there, and Albany has many pleasant associations of my girlhood. But I am not an American, I was born in Canada of French parents; so you see I was born a subject of our beloved Queen. My husband and little son are English, and so, I am proud to say, am I."

Madame Albani is exceedingly fond of literature, and reads a great deal, principally works on philosophy and science. Just now she is deeply interested in astronomy as well, which has such a fascination for her that she attended all Sir Robert Ball's lectures, her only regret being that she has no time to devote to the study of it.

It may appear strange that an artist upon whose time there are so many demands from a most exacting musical career should choose such serious subjects to amuse her leisure hours, but Madame assured me it was the best and most pleasing relaxation for the mind, since it took her entirely away from music and formed an exciting contrast. There are many pleasant things to be met with in this world of every-day work, thought I as I bade Madame Albani adieu, but none more pleasant than the charming intimacy of an hour's tête-à-tête with one who had by self-inspired effort achieved so high a place in the world of song.—A. C. DE B.



Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.

MADAME ALBANI.



L'ORDRE DU CARDINAL.—V. BROZIK.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



"Love is blind," they say. Oh! never! nay,
Can words Love's grace impart?

The fancy weak the tongue may speak,
But eyes alone the heart.

In one soft look what language lies!
Oh! yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

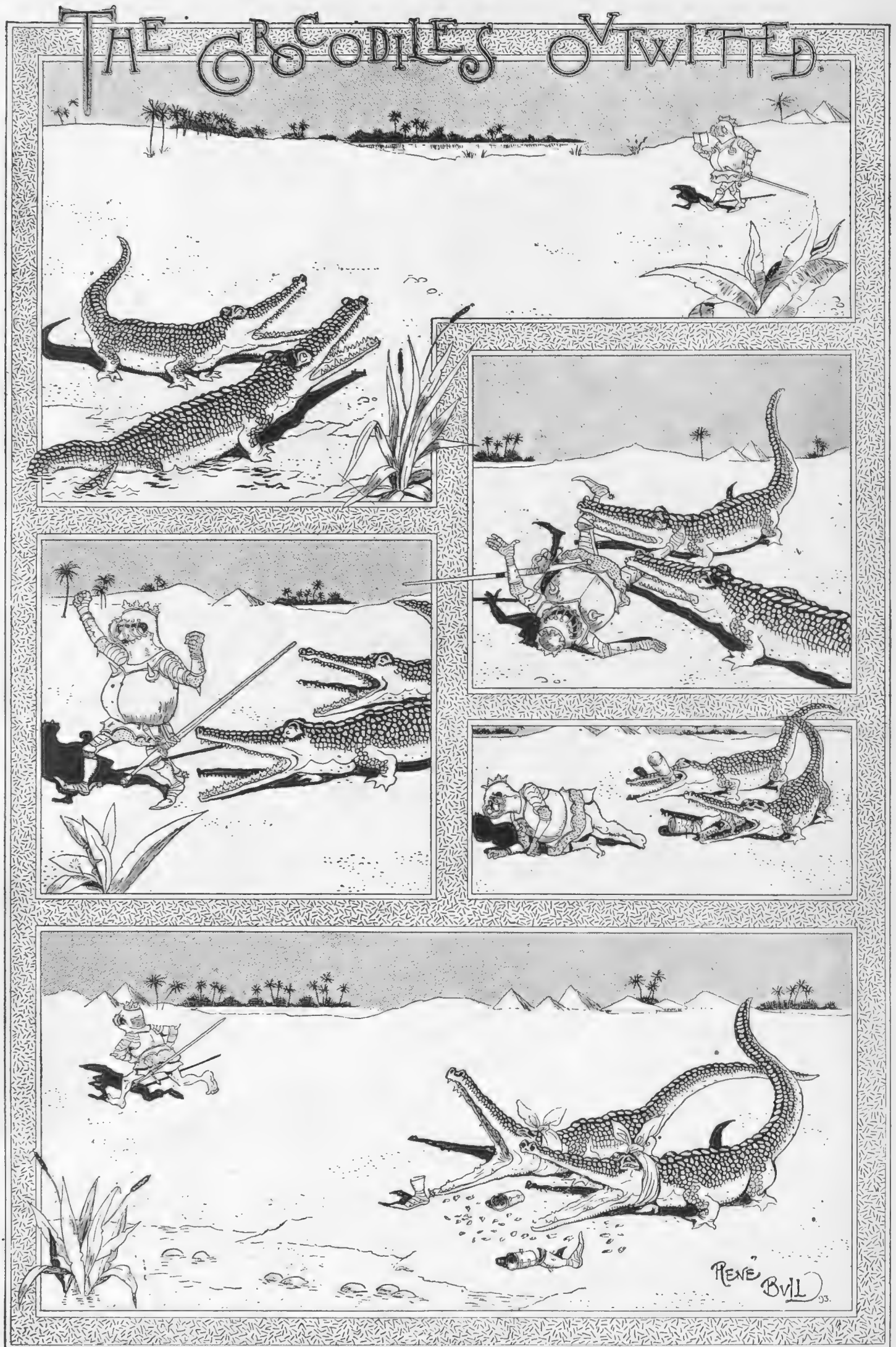


MISS VESTA VICTORIA IN HER SKIRT DANCE.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"Yes, Master George, I was a nobbly little bit in my time!"





"And what do they do with them picters when the Academy is shut?"

"They washes 'em hoff, and paints new 'uns on 'em for next year."



THE MICROBE FARMER, WHO MILKS HIS COWS IN THE PIG-YARD.

(See chronic complaints in the newspapers.)

CHOLERA MICROBE (*loq.*): "I say, Guv'ner, give us a leg up into this pail of milk."

THE MILKMAN'S COURTSHIP

MONDAY

he milkman told in great detail
His pedigree to Abigail.

[Mi-eau]

And said - but Ab had closed the door -
His folk came with the Conqueror.

[Just so]

TUESDAY

Today, he brought with "beg yer parding"
A rose or two from Coving Garding.

[Mi-eau]

Remarking, [here the maid took fright]
His work was done by eight at night.

[Just so]

WEDNESDAY

Ah! now sly Ab began to talk
About the water and the chalk.

[Mi-eau]

But questioned, with a little pout
Replied she had her Sundays out.

[Just so]

THURSDAY

Alas! today the milkman frown'd.
For he must take another 'round'.

[Mi-eau]

While this departure turned quite pale
The cherry-cheeks of Abigail.

[Just so]

A London Idyl.

FRIDAY

And Oh! when Ab the new man saw,
She - well - I think she slammed the door.

[Mi-eau]

The new man simply smiled and said,
'So that's where Jack has lost his head'

[Just so]

SATURDAY

Today, when Ab was 'down below',
She thought she heard a faint 'mi-eau'.

[Just so]

And, tripping to the area
Found Jack quite swell-like waiting there.

[Mi-eau]

SUNDAY

On Sabbath eve beside the Zoo,
Where lovers wander, two and two.

[Mi-eau]

Ab and the milkman met, as per
Instructions whispered unto her.

[Just so]

L'ENVOI

I leave them now. Jack's voice is low,
And Ab, like Hampstead's all aglow.

[Mi-eau]

Their hearts are warm, the eve is chill,
But seats invite on Primrose Hill.

[Just so]



LEGAL EXPRESSIONS.—No. II.

Enthusiastic Junior, carried away by his feelings, somewhat inconveniences the learned Q.C.'s in front.



"My esteemed friend, although one of the best informed gents in town, has made a slight miscalculation respecting the proper arithmetical odds for the Derby, and has asked me to introduce him to my friend Professor Moses."



"Fine growing weather for the apples, Farmer."

"Nothing to do with you if it is."

"Oh! ain't it?"

PURCHASES FROM THE SPITZER COLLECTION.

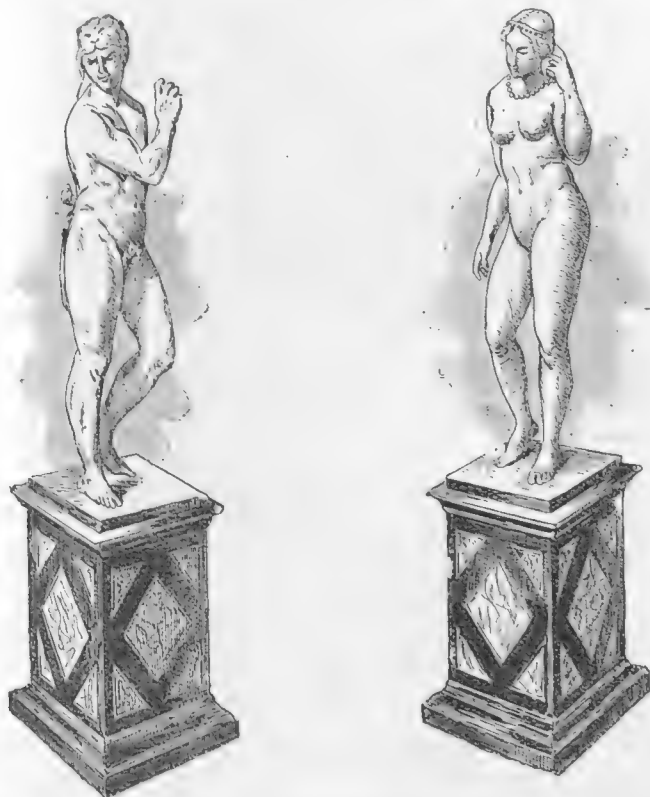
This great sale (writes Mr. Frederick Litchfield, of Hanway Street, some of whose purchases are here illustrated) still progresses in Paris, in the house where M. Spitzer, the premier dealer and expert of the world, had formed his collection. To those who are not accustomed to judge



16TH CENTURY ITALIAN BRONZE CANDLESTICKS: SATYR AND NYMPH.

of the genuineness and assess the value of *objets d'art* of the period to which M. Spitzer devoted his judgment and attention, it is very difficult to understand the enormous prices which collectors are willing to pay for specimens of old Venetian bronze of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and for ecclesiastical ornamental work in ivory, enamel, brass, and silver of the tenth and five subsequent centuries, and outsiders imagine that crazed monomaniacs bid foolishly against each other with neither judgment nor knowledge of the value of money. This is, however, not so, and it is proved by the fact that the expert who in France assists the auctioneer or *commissaire-priseur*, as he is called, in most cases very accurately adjudges the sum that each article will realise.

The lots are not taken in numerical order. For instance, on one day of the present sale No. 601 followed No. 592, and the intervening



16TH CENTURY ITALIAN CARVED IVORY FIGURES: HERCULES AND OMPHILE.

numbers may be taken on different days. This is exceedingly tiresome to those who want to be present for certain lots and are not interested in others, as the whole sale must be sat out until the required numbers are taken; but, like many other matters in which our neighbours differ from ourselves, we cannot help thinking there are some points in the law and order of auction sales in France which we might with advantage add to our statute-book.

A WOMEN'S DINNER.

BY A DINER.

Even the *Précieuses*—far from *Ridicules*—who used to meet in the great, airy salon of the Hôtel de Rambouillet under the sweet presidency of Mdle. Julie, in order to tell and hear the last literary gossip, and perchance see in manuscript a fine page of forthcoming comedy and poem signed Molière or Scarron, gladly admitted to their gatherings members of the stronger sex; but the Women Writers of to-day elect to hold their yearly dinner far from the prying eyes of men, and thus seize, at least from spring to spring, the opportunity of enjoying the society of their fellow muses without the disturbing presence of even one Apollo! However, perhaps 'twere best so, for even the most venturesome of those editors who yearly vow they will force an entrance and witness, perchance in the guise of a waiter, the conventual banquet, might well quail at the visions of the seas of ink, the tons of paper, the stacks of pens conjured up by the sight of the fifty-one literary ladies who sat round the horseshoe table already familiar to those among us who have the good fortune to be occasionally asked to a public dinner at the Criterion Restaurant.

Miss Mathilde Blind made an excellent chairwoman, and fittingly represented poetry in a quaint, withal most becoming, brocade gown, trimmed with fine, filmy lace. On either side of her sat Lady Margaret Hamilton and Lady Lindsay, while it would be far easier to say who did



not, rather than who did, form part of what must surely have been one of the most representative gatherings of English-speaking women ever held in one room. Madame Couvreur, the "Tasma" dear to all those on both sides of the world who count "Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill" among their friends, had specially come from her lovely Brussels home to be present; Mrs. Alice Meynell brought a sister singer, Mrs. Hinkson (Katherine Tynan), who made a short, charming, and characteristically Irish speech for "Poetry"; Mrs. Molesworth, Mrs. L. T. Meade, Miss Florence Routledge, Miss Adeline Sergeant, who looks, *sauf respect*, a singularly cheerful and "Impenitent Soul"; the author of "Green Tea"; Miss Harriet Jay, who recited with much restrained strength some pathetic verses by Clement Scott; Miss Lowe, the genial editor of the *Queen*, and a lady too seldom seen at such gatherings, who made a delightful speech in reply to the toast of "Journalism," were but a few of the many. The dinner was all that could be desired from every point of view, the pretty little menus, each adorned with a different and appropriate literary sketch, causing much delight; and Miss Honor Morten, who has from the first been hon. sec. to the gathering, had every reason to congratulate herself on the brilliant success of the fifth dinner she has been the means of evoking from out of such composite, albeit literary, material.

Letters of regret for non-attendance were read from Mrs. Mona Caird, Madame Novikoff (written on the eve of her departure for Russia), Mrs. Sarah Grand (who had doubtless stayed at home to mind the "Twins"), Miss Olive Schreiner, and a number of other "unavoidably absent" penwomen, including a cheery note from Mrs. Kemard, "suffering from concussion of the brain," and a line from Mrs. W. K. Clifford, in Switzerland, promising to "drink your healths in a snowball."

THE INTERNATIONAL BILLIARD MATCH.

America and England have been meeting at the billiard table, and with some remarkable results. Humphrey's Hall, Knightsbridge, was crowded nightly last week to watch the English champion, John Roberts, meet the American champion, Frank Ives, for £500 a side. It was arranged to contest 6000 points up, spot and push stroke barred, on a regulation English table, but the six pockets were to be $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. at the fall of the



FRANK IVES.

slate, and the balls $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diameter. One thousand points up were played each evening, there being no play in the afternoon. When play ceased on the first night Roberts had reached 1000 to 689. The second night left the English champion with 2001 against 1670, while on the third night the score was—Roberts, 3000; Ives, 2243. But the most remarkable play was on Thursday night. Roberts increased his unfinished break of 106 of the previous evening to 140; and carried his total to 3484, as against the 2461 of Ives. At this point the American commenced a break of a remarkable character, as, after making ten



JOHN ROBERTS.

cannons of an ordinary description, he succeeded in getting the balls jammed together just outside the channel of the top right-hand pocket in such a manner that he was enabled, without moving them, to make cannon after cannon with the greatest rapidity and certainty. Hundred after hundred of cannons he made in a manner that made it appear as if he need never stop, and he continued until he had advanced his total to 4001, his proper proportion of points for the night. His break, which was unfinished, with the balls in as good a position as ever, amounted to 1540.

ALL ABROAD.

The German electoral campaign continues to keep the Fatherland in a ferment. The Agrarians and Anti-Semites are pushing their claims with great virulence. The Social Democrat candidates number 156, or only 41 less than the total number of constituencies.

The French electoral campaign has drawn forth the views of M. Léon Say, whose wealth and control of the *Journal des Débats* make his utterances important. State Socialism, he declares, will crush the poorer classes. Liberty of the person, liberty of property, liberty of all labour—that, in brief, is his panacea.

M. Constans has given the French Conservative party a programme. It advocates the passing of laws to curb first the licence and excesses of the Press, then the growing interference of working-men's syndicates in social and labour questions. It is manifestly an appeal to the *bourgeoisie*.

The elections in Servia have resulted in the return of 122 Radicals, nine Progressists, and one candidate belonging to no particular party.

Sir Charles Russell's speech on behalf of Great Britain at the Behring Sea Arbitration Court has earned him a warm compliment from Baron de Courcel, the President. "England," said the President, "has done honour to this tribunal when she chose as her counsel in this memorable case one of the ablest and most powerful legal debaters."

A statue of John Petersen Coen has been unveiled at Hoorn, in North Holland. He was one of the first Governors of India, and the founder of Batavia, the capital of Java. The unveiling ceremony was quite a great function.

A new royal residence is to be erected at the ancient citadel of Timovo, on the site of the former palace of the Bulgarian kings. Prince Ferdinand laid the foundation-stone.

Peter's pence is estimated to have amounted this year to ten million lire.

The Pan-Slavists claim to have celebrated the jubilee of their society with great success. The society was founded originally for political purposes. Under the pretext of a literary object, it tries to keep the Slavs outside Russia in touch with the literature of that country and vice-versa, political agitation being at the same time maintained.

The Russian harvest prospects are satisfactory. Only in two provinces is the outlook doubtful.

The poor, wretched Finlanders are to be further coerced into being Russians, the present Governor, Count Heyden, having received a hint to resign, as his successor is designated, Lieutenant-Colonel Count Levaschow, an out-and-out Russian coercionist. Unhappy nation!

A colossal marble statue of Apollo has been dug up at Delphi.

The Chicago Exhibition is not out of its troubles, for the jury system of deciding awards has caused great friction. Several countries withdrew, but on the initiative of Sir H. Trueman Wood all of them, except the French, have accepted a compromise, and all danger to the finances of the Fair may be averted. It is officially announced that the Fair is now complete.

Dakota threatens up-to-dateness in having a serious banking crisis. The Bank of North Dakota has been shut by order of the National Bank Examiner. Serious allegations are made against the president, Mr. Mears.

Fearful floods are wasting the valley of the Mississippi. In northern Louisiana alone 10,000 persons have been made homeless and destitute. Arkansas has been visited by a destructive cyclone.

The funeral train conveying the remains of Jefferson Davis from New Orleans to Richmond, Virginia, has been met by immense crowds at every station through which it has passed. At one town 5000 public-school children brought flowers to lay on the bier.

The Nicaraguan revolutionists have overthrown the Government. Peace, however, has been restored, and the new Government has assumed control.

Uganda has been formally placed under our protection, and is reported to be in a satisfactory and pacific condition.

NOTE.

The photographs reproduced in these pages of Mr. Albert Chevalier singing "Wot Cher," and as Sarah Gamp and Fagin the Jew, are the sole copyright of Mr. Bertram Chevalier. Each should have been accompanied by the words, "From photo by Bertram Chevalier, copyright."

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"Would well besem a place upon the shelves of any library."—*St. James's Gazette*.



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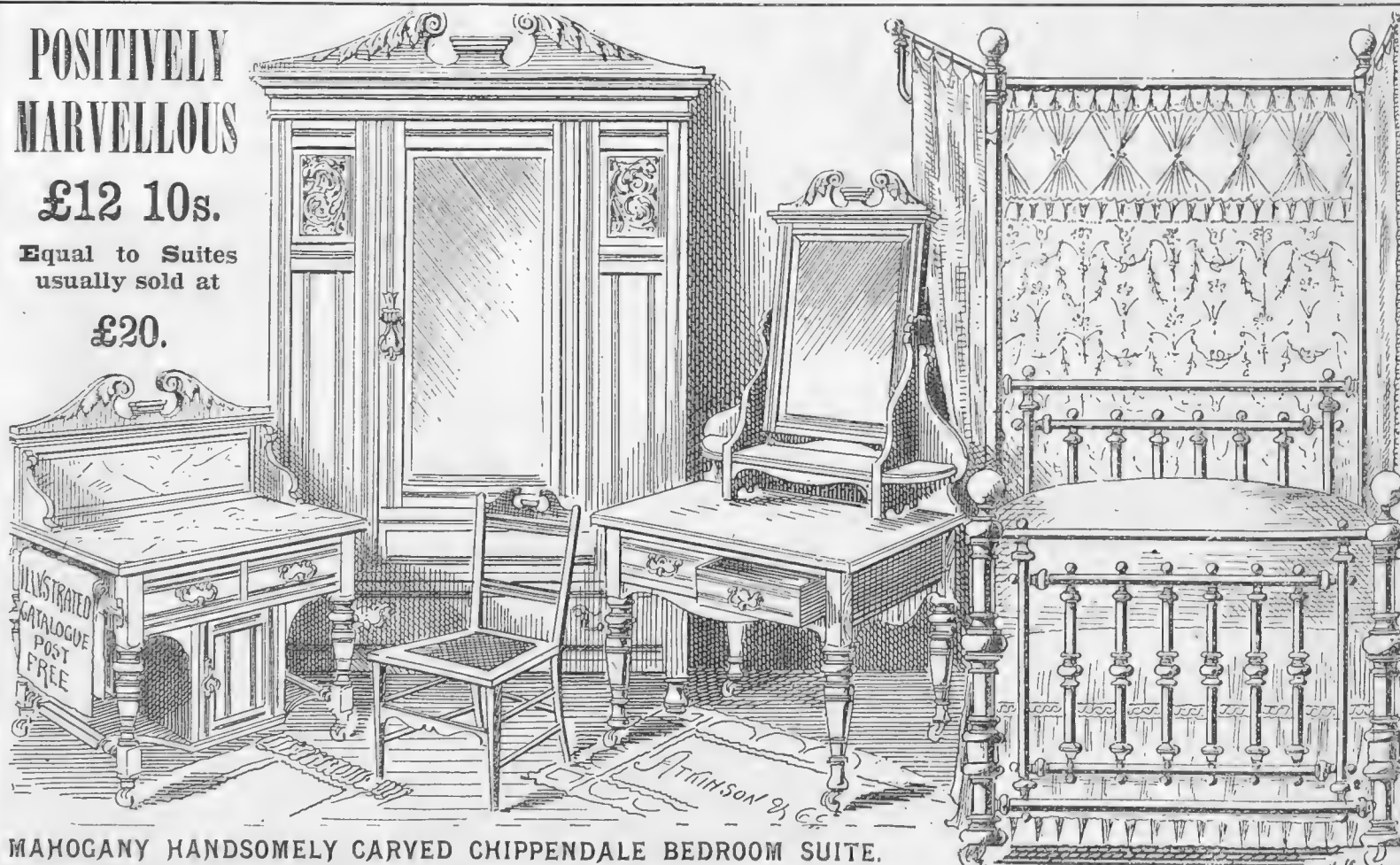
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

To prophesy in cricket unless one knows is to write one's self down an ass. What, for instance, can anyone make of this puzzle? Sussex beats Gloucester, Gloucester beats Middlesex, Middlesex beats Surrey, and Surrey beats the Australians. Query, how much stronger, then, is Sussex than Surrey and the Australians?

But that is only another example of the "inglorious certainty" of cricket, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, and in this instance the dear old lady is speaking more wisely than she knows. In the long run, however, in spite of fate and fortune, the strongest even in the cricket world survive. Take a few examples of the vagaries of the past ten days. In spite of all the heroic doings of Surrey's famous fast bowlers, down go the champions before Middlesex by seven wickets. Surrey may or may not have had the best of the weather and wicket, but J. T. Hearne, of Middlesex, had certainly the best of the wickets. This young bowler was far more difficult to play, and more destructive even than Richardson, whose name at present is deservedly on everyone's lips. In Hearne, of Middlesex, we have a bowler with one of the prettiest styles in the country. Not only is his arm-swing peculiarly easy and graceful, but his hand comes round from his back in such a manner that the batsman cannot possibly see the ball before it is delivered. This action, together with the beautiful length and a considerable amount of break on his balls, is the secret of his success.

Richardson is quite a different style of trundler. He is faster than Hearne—much faster—and appears to get quite as much work on the ball. So far, he has not shown himself such an adept at "head work," but that, too, will undoubtedly come with time and experience. Richardson, as a rule, does not bowl for catches. He tries for the wicket with nearly every ball, and, together with some lovely "bailers," he sends down an unusually large proportion of "yorkers." The latter are sent down with a lightning-like despatch, and woe be to the batsman who is not on his guard.

There be those who have whispered the word unfair about Richardson's "yorkers," but his delivery, so far as I can see, is entirely above suspicion. It is simply marvellous how Surrey gathers round her so many young cricketers of class. Is Abel ill? Then up pop Baldwin and Hayward. Does anything go wrong with Lohmann? Then we have a Lockwood and a Richardson. Two good new men for every one old stager are knocking at the gates of Surrey county.

One of the big sporting events up in the north is the meeting of Surrey and Lancashire to-morrow at Old Trafford, Manchester. Keen cricket and exciting finishes have long been associated with this fixture, and though Lancashire have been wofully disappointing up to date, it is not at all improbable that they will once more rise to the level of the champions. With giants of the game in their ranks like Ward, Sugg, Smith, Briggs, and Mold, the County Palatine ought to occupy a very much higher position than they now do; yet who can doubt that their day will come?

On the same day Sussex invite the great guns of Notts into their parlour at Brighton. What though the men whom Lord Sheffield delights to honour were conquered by Yorkshire, did they not defeat, after one of the most exciting finishes on record, the county of the Graces by three runs, and did they not follow this up by a much greater victory over the men of Kent? With these inspiring reflections in their hearts, with big batsmen like W. L. Murdoch, George Brann, who has already been scoring his centuries, G. L. Wilson and Bean, also toppers of the hundred—with this array of batting talent and the help of young trundlers like Tate and Hilton, not to mention Humphreys, the veteran "lobster," whose cunning, curly slows have led many a good man to destruction, dare Sussex not hope for a look-in against Notts?

Lord's ground to-morrow will be the scene of a match between the M.C.C. and the men of Kent. The M.C.C. is an eleven composed of anybodies, who oftentimes are somebodies and sometimes nobodies. Against Kent the club will probably play a weakish team, as the majority of the first-class counties are engaged, and will not be able to allow any

of their cracks away. Yorkshire will come up to town to play Essex to-morrow at Leyton, and the Tykes, who have been giving such a good account of themselves this season, are not unlikely to make matters warm for the home county.

When Greek meets Greek we expect to see a tug of war, and when the Gentlemen of England meet the Gentlemen of Australia at Lord's next Monday England will expect every "gentleman" on that occasion to do his duty. The Gentlemen will be captained by "W. G.," who, as Charles Plaire has it, is

In cricket's ranks greatest commander,
A warrior trusty and tried;
Our black-bearded, swart Alexander
For more worlds to conquer has sighed,
And, crossing the white-crested billow,
In settlements over the sea
He's shown how to flourish the willow,
Has W. G.

Hats off, then, once more to the Master
For the lessons he loves so to teach,
The man who on days of disaster
For England has oft filled the breach.
If, maybe, at times we should tire you
With worship, then this be our plea:
It cannot be helped—we admire you
So, W. G.

While Australia and England's Gentlemen are fighting it out at Lord's, Yorkshire will have a struggle with Surrey at Sheffield for championship honours. This should be one of the deciding matches of the series. Notts have nothing bigger on than Leicestershire, and Lancashire will travel down to Derby to try their luck against Derbyshire.

LAWN TENNIS.

When one finds W. Renshaw overcome in a level game at his own particular spot one wonders what manner of man must his conqueror be. It was in the Irish Lawn Tennis Championship that J. Pim, the well-known Irish crack, conquered the man who, for more years than any other player, held the All England Championship.

It may be, and probably is, that Renshaw has passed the meridian of his powers, although his play on the occasion in question was characterised by all its old brilliancy and power, his smashing service in many instances being unplayable, and his ground strokes bordering on the impossible. It was in the "rallies" or "rests" that Pim had his adversary on toast. His wonderfully accurate placing of the ball within inches of the side line almost invariably won the Irishman the stroke. Last season Pim fought his way into the All England Championship round at Wimbledon, when he was defeated by W. Baddeley, the present holder.

OLYMPIAN.



THE CYCLE RACES AT HERNE HILL.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Mr. Smurthwaite is a well-known member of the Sporting Press. For many years he contributed delightful racing articles to *Bell's Life* over the well-known signature of "Bleys." In recent years he has contributed to the "Vigilant" column of the *Sportsman*, to say nothing of many telling articles to monthly magazines. Mr. Smurthwaite has



Photo by Dickinson, New Bond Street, W.

MR. SMURTHWAITE.

a pleasant style, and is well primed with anecdotes of old races and racing men. He is passionately fond of dwelling by the banks of the Upper Thames, and is a very successful angler. He has visited every racecourse in England many times over, and is well acquainted with the make-up of the crowd, whether it be at Richmond, in Yorkshire, or at Bath, in Somersetshire.

I saw it stated the other day that Mr. R. C. Leigh had no interest in the Portsmouth Park racecourse; but this must have been a mistake, as I am told Mr. Leigh helped to put the affair on its legs again, and that he was to receive a big sum in the event of a new company being successfully floated. Great alterations are being made in the Lingfield course, with a view to obtaining a flat-race license; but I am not at all sure that a "permit" will be given this year or next. Of course, I should like to see flat-racing at Lingfield; but Mr. James Lowther and others have yet to be satisfied that the new course is wanted. Lingfield is easily get-at-able from London Bridge and Victoria, and I have no doubt the railway company would cater well for visitors. Further, it is just as well that one line should not get all the race traffic, as is the case at present in the south of England, two or three meetings excepted. This reason should weigh with the Jockey Club when the license for Lingfield is asked for.

I have all along predicted a gay Ascot, and I think my prophecy will come true. I am glad to learn that, thanks to the care of Major Clement, the course is well covered with herbage, and will be found vastly different going to that experienced here last year. Many owners are saving their horses specially for the Royal Meeting. John Porter, for instance, has not as yet this year shown us a good horse, but he hopes to scoop in some big prizes at Ascot. Then, again, Jewitt will have a big string running, and Marsh is preparing more than half a score specially for this meeting, while Alec Taylor will be very dangerous for many of the races, and the Nitrate King will start his whole fleet at the fixture. Altogether, the prospects for Ascot are good, both from a society and a sporting point of view.

The old-established Salisbury Meeting has not flourished of late years, but, thanks to the energy and popularity of the joint Clerks of the Course, Messrs. R. Figes and E. S. Brown, the old fixture seems to have taken a fresh lease of life. Lord Radnor, who lives in the neighbourhood of the course, lends his patronage to the meeting, as do the Earl of Pembroke and many other of the county magnates. Mr. R. Figes, who succeeded his late father as the chief official to the meeting, was born in Salisbury, where he had for a schoolfellow myself. Dick, as we used to call him, receives a big income for acting as steward to the French Jockey Club, and, as he is not allowed to start in the jumping business, he keeps holiday for several months in the year, and generally comes over to London to live in peace and prosperity at the West End. Mr. Figes at

times meets with some funny experiences on the French racecourses. He is often pestered by all sorts and conditions of persons, both male and female, for his opinion of certain horses, but he manages to run the gauntlet without opening his mouth.

It is now impossible to think of anything in connection with the St. Leger that is likely to beat Isinglass if Mr. M'Calmont's colt keeps well. It must not be overlooked that September is the month when the fillies run remarkably well; but, unfortunately, the three-year-old fillies are a very moderate lot. For the sake of the poor clerks of courses, the question now arises as to whether the winner of our classic race should not carry a penalty when competing a second time. Isinglass has already spoiled the Two Thousand Guineas, Newmarket Stakes, and Derby, from a sportsman's point of view, and he looks like putting a damper on the St. Leger also. I make no charge for the suggestion I have thrown out, and if officials could get over the question of entrance fees, the penalty side of the business might, I think, be easily managed, without giving grave offence to any owner.

Lord Randolph Churchill does not feel so interested in the sport of kings as he did last year, and I fancy his love for politics has, to an extent, weaned him away from the Turf. Lord Randolph's nephew, the young Duke of Marlborough, is very fond of horses, and is one of the best polo players in England. I am told that his Grace may have a few horses in training presently. It will be remembered, however, that Lord Rodney gambled heavily and ran several horses until he married a niece of Lord Randolph's, who was a daughter of Lady Wimborne. After the marriage the Wimborne influence caused Lord Rodney to sell off his racehorses and content himself with establishing a stud farm. But for the win of Kilwarlin in the St. Leger and Humewood in the Cesarewitch Lord Rodney would have been hit very hard.

A KENTISH GILDEROY.

"Gilderoy was a bonnie, bonnie boy." If the alliterative jingle of the stirring ballad can scarcely be applied to this ragged old gentleman, there is a certain picturesqueness about his appearance, to say nothing of the similarity of name, which justifies one's chronicling his disappearance from a world that was too respectable for him. For a long time Gilderoy Scamp has been familiar in Folkestone, and, indeed, over East Kent, where he had meandered in his strange nomadic way for more than four-score years. He plied the craft of the needy knife-grinder, varying its monotony by an occasional deal in horses. His battered old hat—it never seemed to wear quite out—jauntily poised on his unkempt locks,

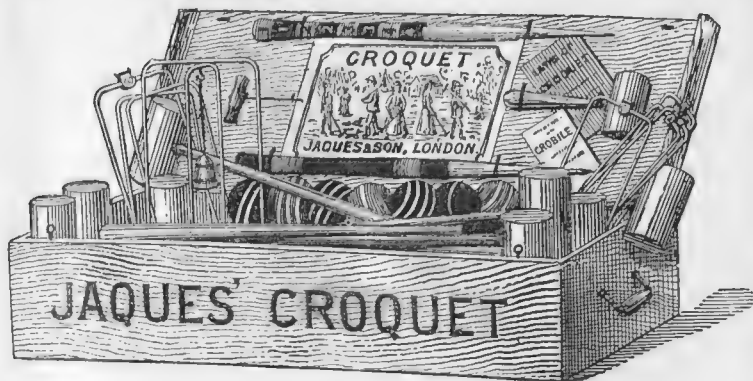


Photo by W. Tiddy, Tontine Street, Folkestone.

GILDEROY SCAMP, THE KING OF THE KENTISH GYPSIES.

gave him that rollicking appearance which one associates with his tribe. The mystery of the whole man and his life was, perhaps, only heightened by the appearance of his wife—a veritable dwarf. Unlike the real needy knife-grinder, he had a wonderful set of stories to tell—as wonderful, in fact, as the "Arabian Nights."

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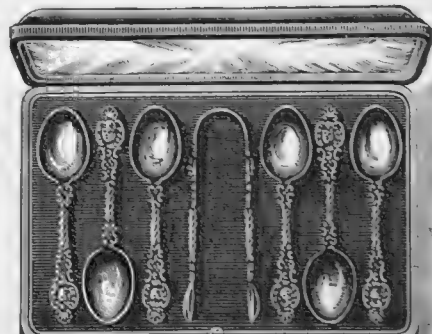
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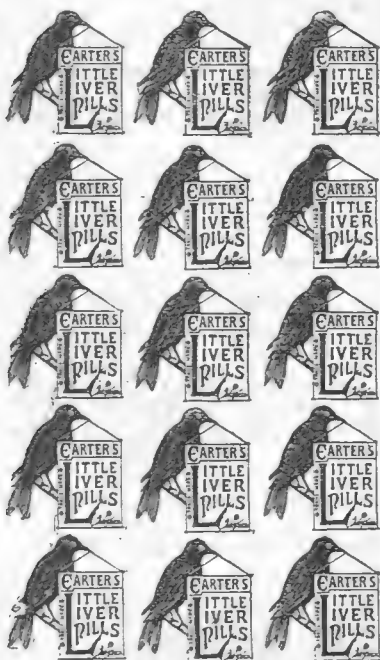
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BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

On June 26 will fall the centenary of the death of Gilbert White. To him naturalists of our day owe more, perhaps, than they always remember. There is just a tendency (one is conscious of a suggestion of it sometimes) to dismiss him and his writings with the smile that means something like this: "Oh, yes; a good, quiet-going old thing; fond of dabbling in birds and so on, but out of date, don't you know. Thought swallows went under water. Kept a tortoise." Well, if we owed Gilbert White no other debt but that of having left us a classic made of the most beautiful and direct prose, we should still be unable to repay it. But the truth is this: half, probably nearly all, the rural knowledge which we seem to have insensibly inherited we owe to Gilbert White. To those who may have forgotten the book I should venture to say, "Read it through again, and see." But Gilbert White's knowledge was original. He went to no one else for his facts. He simply used in his own country district such powers of observation as he possessed, and then compared notes with two friends. Nothing escaped him—not a bird, not a flower, not a tradition of the poor. On the swallow kind alone he has left us a record to which we have found little or nothing to add.

Mr. J. E. Harting suggests in the columns of the *Field* that now is the time for "erecting some memorial in his honour, and to mark the centenary of his death." It is strange indeed that, excepting the marble tablet in Selborne Church to the "Historian of this, his native parish," there should be absolutely no monument existing to his memory. Mr. Harting's idea is that a monument of some sort should be erected in a place more in the public view than Selborne itself, and suggests a spot in the neighbouring town of Petersfield. Yes, that seems a sensible idea. Only let us for once take care that the work is given to an English, not a German or other foreign artist. Personally, I should like to see something to his memory put in the gallery where the British birds are at the Natural History Museum. Or may we not hope that someone generous and rich will signalise this year by founding something that will keep his name alive—a Gilbert White travelling scholarship, or an annual prize for a Gilbert White essay on some natural history subject? There is plenty of need for both. Interest in natural history and in every sort of field study has increased so much during these last few years that there should, at any rate, be no difficulty in raising whatever sum is needed to the memory of him who may fairly be called the father of it all.

As one watches the papers year by year, it is curious to see how the same subjects come round again at more or less regular intervals, and how much the same is said about them. The badger has always been a favourite topic of discussion. Occasionally defended, more often credited with every sin in the decalogue, it is sometimes lamented, sometimes mentioned as matter for congratulation, that this animal is now getting very rare. Between all this there is a *via media*, and its name is Truth. It is this. The badger has its faults. It is an omnivorous creature—that is to say, it will eat most things it comes across. But it moves—and anyone who is observant can attest this—it moves for the most part in well-beaten tracks, and leaves them very little. It is exceedingly fond of the bulbs of the bluebell, and digs out nests of both wasps and humble bees to feed on larvae and comb. It eats eggs and young rabbits at times, but this comparatively seldom. It is not particularly rare; on the contrary, it is pretty universally distributed through the country. The very fact that it should be so considered is proof of the little harm it does. But it is in the strictest sense nocturnal. This explains a good deal of the mystery that attaches to it. If you want to see a badger, you may sit up close to its hole night after night and never see it, for it is very, very cunning, and has the most acute sense of smell. But sometimes you may come across it by chance very early in the morning, before it is fairly light, and then, if not startled, it will remind you of a little bear.

Of all the devices used by wild things for the protection of themselves or their young, none surely are so strikingly remarkable as the above. Partridges, lapwings, and many other birds, as everyone knows, resort to the former of these impostures when their freshly hatched young are approached. But for a downright, thoroughgoing impostor commend me to the ringed plover. The other morning I was passing by a spot where a pair of ringed plovers have had their nest. Usually they have merely run away for a little distance, and then flown from point to point, piping as is their wont. But that day the young were hatched, and the old ones alternately "shamming lame." They scrambled along, they tumbled over, they dragged apparently broken wings up a high sandbank, they lay still, gasping and apparently dying, and played the game to the very life. It is not difficult to understand this habit, but the other, "shamming dead," seems at first not quite so plain. A beetle or spider doubles in its legs and lies as if dead, because, no doubt, it is then hard to see, resembling just some bit of stick, or leaf, or mud. But why does a moorhen or landrail pretend to be dead, lying in your hand limp and quite unconscious to all seeming? I have heard it said that the idea here is that, being already dead, the captor will not trouble to kill them. It may be so. More probably it is merely a ruse, in the hope that by lying still they may be forgotten, and crawl off presently unobserved. Another reason is suggested by the fact that cat and the cat tribe generally do not often touch their prey unless it moves.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR.—

Capel Court, June 3, 1893.

The Bank return, showing such a large influx of gold, and increasing the proportion of reserve to liabilities from just over 37 per cent. to something under 42 per cent., has improved the tone of the money market, and brought discounts down, so much so that the rates on deposit have been lowered, and in the open market the general feeling is in favour of lower prices for first-class paper.

No sooner was the settlement practically over than there went up from the Stock Exchange a sigh of relief, and, although the failure of one old and respectable firm of brokers for the moment created some dismay, it did not take long for a general improvement to set in. We think we may say that, for a while at least, the panic is over, and those who remember the long faces and utterly demoralised position less than a month ago are surprised no less than pleased with the change which has set in—although, dear Sir, it is only right to caution you that many weeks, perhaps even months, of steady and uninterrupted prosperity will be required to prevent a recurrence of the trouble. If we could get on for the next few months without further financial disaster, confidence would slowly revive, but we have so many times, within the last two years, felt the same thing that even the most optimistic among us can hardly expect such a stroke of good fortune.

We told you last week that intrinsically the position was improving, and we feel sure that the late "shake-out" of the few remaining weak bulls has even further cleared the air. For the moment the watchword which it behoves you to bear in mind is that the speculator's discomfiture is the investor's opportunity. Colonial stocks have all risen, and in view of the bad times which the Australian group have yet to face, and the uncertainty as to how and in what spirit they will meet the rocks ahead, we are inclined to think that there are more attractive securities than Victorian or Queensland 3½ per cent. stock at current prices.

In Home Rails, our old favourites, Brighton "A," make a good show, and unless we suffer three months' wet weather, or some such calamity, we feel confident that our clients will do better by holding this stock as an investment than by going further afield to put out their money. The depression in trade makes itself felt in the traffics of the heavy lines, and the present price of stuff like Midland or North-Western ordinary stock is but a faithful reflex of the true position; for the near future we prefer the prospects of the southern passenger lines.

The Chicago fizzle has been a blow to American Rails, and no doubt on both sides of the Atlantic very exaggerated hopes were formed of the probable success of the World's Fair, but so complete is the failure of the whole concern that it is probable matters will improve rather than grow worse. If the currency trouble could be dealt with there would be a rise all round, and from a speculator's point of view Reading or Ohio and Mississippi common stock at the present panic prices seems worth buying, for they cannot go much lower, and are likely to rebound sharply at the moment least expected.

About Internationals the less said the better. You have, acting on our often repeated warnings, severely let Greeks alone when the bulk of our financial contemporaries were going into raptures over Major Law's report, and advising their readers to prop the falling credit of the kingdom by their purchases. It is now admitted that default is certain, and all sorts of funding schemes are being propounded. Spain will ere long join the band of insolvent debtors, and the Portuguese prospects are not inviting. A general settlement of the Argentine debt draws nearer, and will, unless we are wrongly informed, end in an annual payment of from £60,000 to £70,000 more than the original proposal, while from all sides various provincial debts are being arranged. We feel, dear Sir, more inclined to advise you that the recent general relapse is a favourable chance of picking up cheap Argentine securities, because, despite the fluctuations in prices, the position of the republic is steadily, if slowly, improving. Peruvian Corporation debentures are really cheap, and, if the information at our disposal is reliable, are by no means the most risky among the securities which pay high rates of interest.

The report of the United States Brewing Company is in these bad times really pleasant reading, showing, after setting aside £22,000 for depreciation and paying a dividend of 10 per cent., a surplus which enables the directors to place £15,000 to reserve, and yet the shares can be bought below par. We do not understand how such things can be, and we hope, dear Sir, you and your friends will take advantage of the opportunity. The Frank Jones general meeting on Tuesday last was a very happy and unanimous affair, while the chairman's statement seems to afford a fair assurance of continued prosperity in the current year.

The moment anything like a small "boomlet" appears probable, you will, no doubt, be inundated by circulars from outside "touts" and "bucket-shop" keepers. The aliases of the "bucket-shop" keeper are too numerous to recapitulate, and as his energies have, from the face of circumstances, been in abeyance for some weeks, we fully expect a revival of activity on the least sign of renewed confidence, for even the "bucket-shop" keeper must live. We have so often warned you against the seductive delusions of "pools," "combinations," "combines," and the other traps set to catch the unwary that it is unnecessary to do more than advise you to be on the look-out for the fresh crop of touting circulars with which we expect you will be inundated.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," in the person of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is just at present a woman of very great importance, and so, with truly feminine curiosity, I made my way to the St. James's Theatre one day last week, taking the precaution to have an artist with me, as I imagined—and rightly, I hope—that the gowns worn by so much talked about a person would have a special interest in your eyes. Mrs. Campbell's first gown is of flame-coloured satin, the skirt made with a deep pleated flounce to the knees, edged with a band of net spangled with gold sequins; the bodice has revers and shoulder frills of the net over satin, and the lower part of the bodice, which is of satin, curves over slightly,



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S CLOAK IN ACT I.

like the calyx of a flower. The full sleeves to the elbow are of transparent net studded with the glittering sequins, and when the light plays upon them the effect is lovely.

With this gown is worn a magnificent cloak of yellow satin, brocaded with gold, the loose open fronts and high collar being turned back to show a lining of emerald green velvet. It is fastened in at the waist by a band of jewelled passementerie, to which is caught in front a boa of curled yellow ostrich feathers. The large, outstanding shoulder capes are edged with a deep band of gold lace, and the whole effect, taken in conjunction with the glimpses of the gown which are caught through the open front, is a triumph of rich colouring.

As a contrast to this gorgeous attire, Mrs. Campbell's costume in Act II. is comparatively simple. The gown, of biscuit-coloured cloth, is trimmed with bands of Oriental passementerie, and has a vest of white satin, entirely covered with creamy lace, and a zouave bodice of cloth. A double-breasted covert coat of dark brown cloth, lined with plaid silk, and a brown straw hat, trimmed with bows of cream guipure and black net, complete the costume.

In Act III. Mrs. Campbell dons a very becoming gown of delicate grey bengaline, the skirt being trimmed with a festooned flounce of lovely white lace, caught with sprays of floral passementerie, carried out

in various shades of grey beads. The bodice has a berthe and shoulder frills of white lace, a similar frill finishing off the elbow sleeves. The bodice is covered with lines of grey pearls and crystals, so cleverly curved that they have a wonderfully becoming effect on the figure, and a finishing touch is given by the addition of a loose cluster of delicate pink carnations placed at the left side of the corsage.

Miss Maude Millett's two pretty gowns are extremely simple, and for that very reason are all the more becoming to her sweet, girlish beauty. The first is of silver-grey alpaca, with a full, perfectly plain skirt, and a zouave bodice with smart revers, bound with white silk, a softly gathered blouse of the silk being caught in at the waist with a band of broad ribbon, and finished off in a bow at the back. The hat is of black straw, the brim covered with a full frill of cream lace, a cluster of daffodils intermixed with a black osprey being placed in front.

Her other dress is of vieux rose crêpon, the full skirt being devoid of any trimming save two insertion bands of cream lace, which encircle it just below the waist. The seamless bodice has a yoke ornamented with bands of insertion, and is fastened down the left side with dainty little bows of crêpon, covered with lace. The cuffs are finished off in the same way. Over this is thrown a long, gracefully hanging cloak in a pale shade of tan, the turned-down collar and deep cape being trimmed with rows of braid in a darker shade. Miss Maude Millett also wears a charming hat of brown rustic straw with a pale tan-coloured crown. It is trimmed with clusters of golden-brown oats and pink roses, one or two shaded brown quills being placed at the left side.

Miss Amy Roselle looks handsome and distinguished in a gown of electric-blue broché, the skirt made (in the same style as Mrs. Campbell's in the first act) with a full flounce to the knee, edged with a band of pale blue satin, covered with a jet appliqué. These skirts are beginning to be very much worn now, though I daresay you will remember that so long as three months ago I gave you an illustration of a gown made in this way. I must say that I think the style is eminently unbecoming, for even tall, slight people lose a great deal of height when cut in two by one of these deep flounces, while their effect upon short people is simply ludicrous. However, to return to Miss Roselle's gown, the draped bodice is also trimmed with jet, and she wears a smart little bonnet of electric-blue velvet, trimmed squarely both at the back and in the front with wide bows of black net, and tied with black velvet strings.

In Act III. she wears a cloak of beaver cloth, made with very large revers turned back with bright green silk, and fastening at the left side with a handsome silver clasp.

Miss Edith Chester, who appears in Act III., looks extremely well in a striking gown of bright red silk, the skirt and bodice trimmed with beaded passementerie in the same colour, a cluster of red ostrich tips and ospreys being placed at the left side of the corsage. The puffed sleeves fall right off the shoulders, which are crossed by straps of passementerie. There are several ideas in these gowns which you will, I think, find it well worth your while to copy, and they are varied enough to suit widely differing tastes.

Gloves are a most important item in the list of a well-dressed woman's requirements, an item, too, which, as many of us know to our cost, swallows up no inconsiderable portion of a moderate dress allowance. It is perfect waste of money to invest in cheap gloves made by some unknown firm, so the only thing for us to do is to look around and endeavour to find a combination of moderate price and good quality. I was bent on such a quest when I looked in the other day at the London Glove Company's premises at 45A, Cheapside, and after I had been there a few minutes I found that I had secured exactly what I wanted, so, as many of you, I know, share my difficulty in the matter, I should like you to share my experience in overcoming it.

It will be good news to you, therefore, to hear that this well-known firm supply excellent four-buttoned kid-gloves, in black, tan, grey, &c., at three shillings a pair, or thirty-five shillings a dozen, and, as I have personally tested their wear, I can most heartily recommend them to you. They are called the "Meissonier," and you should make a point of trying them. Then there are real Cape driving gloves at the same price, and for country and seaside wear "Gants Utiles," in tan, grey, and white doeskin, at one shilling and ninepence a pair. They are the very thing for holiday use, as they are soft and strong, and also pleasantly cool and light. You should not forget to pack two or three pairs in your trunk when you go away. As for evening gloves, they can be had in every imaginable shade and colour, both in kid and Suède, up to twenty-button length. In Suède with twelve buttons, they are only

[Continued on page 333.]

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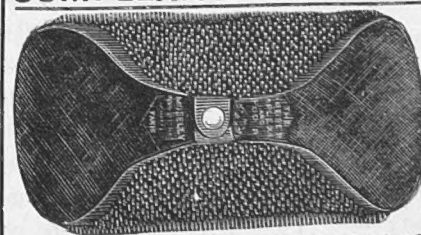
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WHAT DREAMS MAY COME!

In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, Dr. B. W. Richardson says that the sleep of health is dreamless. "Dreams," says Shakespeare, "are children of an idle brain." If both the doctor and the poet are right it follows that idle brains are unhealthy brains. No doubt there might be truth in the inference, but that it is not quite the point. Are *all* dreams signs of a diseased condition? To this the doctor says "No." He divides dreams into two classes: those started by noises or other causes outside the sleeper, and those produced by pain, fever, or indigestion.

Here we inject a fact. We receive multitudes of letters containing this affirmation, almost in identical words: "*I was worse tired in the morning than when I went to bed.*" To this the doctor has an answer. He says, "*When we feel wearied in the morning very likely it results from dreams that we have forgotten.*" Quite so.

In other words there is a bodily condition which may prevent a person from working by day at his usual calling, but obliges him to labour all night under a mental stimulus of which he knows nothing save by its resulting exhaustion. These unhappy wretches toil harder, therefore, for no compensation, when they are

ill, than they have to do to earn a living when they are well. What an infernal and frightful fact! And this too without taking into account their physical suffering at all times. "Night," said Coleridge, "is my hell."

From one of the letters referred to we quote what a woman says of her daughter: "*She was worse tired in a morning than when she went to bed.*" Poor girl! Those "forgotten dreams" had tossed her about as a ship is tossed in a tempest. Night was her day of labour.

The mother's simple tale is this: "In June 1890 my daughter Ann Elizabeth became low, weak, and fretful, and complained of pain in the chest after eating. Next her stomach was so irritable that she vomited all the food she took. It was awful to see her heave and strain. For three weeks nothing passed through her stomach except a little soda-water and lime-water. Later on her feet and legs began to swell and puff from dropsy. She was now pale as death, and looked as though she had not a drop of blood in her body, and was always cold. Month after month dragged by, and she got weaker every day. She could not walk without support, for she had lost the proper use of her legs, and her body swayed from side to side as she moved.

"A doctor attended her for twelve months, and finally said it was no use giving her any more medicine, as it would do no good. In May 1891 I took her to the Dewsbury Infirmary. She got no better there, and I thought I was

surely going to lose her. She was then thirteen years of age.

"One day a lady (Mrs. Lightoller) called at my shop, and seeing how bad my daughter was, spoke of a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and persuaded us to try it. I got a bottle from the Thornhill Lees Co-operative Stores, and she began taking it. In two days she found a little relief; the sickness was not so frequent. She kept on with the Syrup and steadily improved. Soon she was strong as ever, and has since been in the best of health and can take any kind of food. After she had taken the Syrup only two weeks the neighbours were surprised at her improved appearance, and I told them what had brought it about—that Seigel's Syrup had done what the doctors could not do, it saved her life.—Yours truly (Signed) (Mrs.) Sarah Ann Sheard, 19, Brewery Lane, Thornhill Lees, near Dewsbury, October 11, 1892."

The inciting cause of all this young girl's pitiful suffering was indigestion and dyspepsia, dropsy being one of its most dangerous symptoms. It attacks both youth and age, its fearful and often fatal results being due to the fact that physicians usually treat the symptoms instead of the disease itself.

"A child's dreams," says Dr. Richardson, "are signs of disturbed health, and should be regarded with anxiety." The same is true of the dreams of older people. They mean poison in the stomach, and point to the immediate use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

three shillings, and with sixteen three shillings and sixpence. You should ask for them under the name of "The Cinderella," while in a slightly better quality, "The Empress," they are four shillings and threepence. I may mention that the company keep silk and Lisle thread hosiery in every colour to match the gloves, a great variety of open-

prepared to meet all contingencies. I have seen some ideal waterproof cloaks at Elvery's, in Conduit Street, which have been specially designed for Ascot wear. They are very smartly cut, and are made in silks of all colours and patterns; of course, the majority of them are shot, but there are in addition all kinds of plaids and checks. You should really see them for yourself, for they are so smart and pretty that no one could have the least objection to wearing them; in fact, they would give a finishing touch to any toilette. When not in use they take up very little room, and are very light indeed. I was quite delighted with them, and should strongly advise anyone who purposes visiting Ascot to provide themselves with one of these beautiful cloaks, and so ensure the safety of their gowns, let the weather be what it may.

FLORENCE.

It is refreshing to listen to a pianist like Miss Margaret Ford, who gave an excellent recital at the Highbury Athenæum. She belongs to the "quiet school" of players who try to unravel the secrets of great composers rather than to give their own unstudied impressions. Miss Ford has advanced since her last performance. She played Döhler's "Nocturne in D flat" and Schumann's beautiful "Novellette in D" in very fine style. Loyal to her master, she performed Mr. Walter Macfarren's "Third Suite," and joined with Miss Ethel Barns (a violinist of great promise) in his sonata (No. 2) for piano and violin. Miss Alice Simons displayed a voice of high range in various selections.

To those who did not know Mr. Vicat Cole's system of painting, the large number (six hundred in all) of water-colour and oil sketches he has left behind will come as an agreeable surprise. But it was owing to that number of out-of-door studies, many of which are finished pictures in themselves, that he was able to paint the large canvases by which he has been represented for so many years, and which have been painted in his studio from these studies. The whole of the collection will shortly be on view at Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods', prior to their sale on the 16th, 17th, and 19th inst.

work front Lisle thread stockings being only eighteenpence a pair. Some new gloves, which are already in great demand, are in black kid, with stitching in various colours. They are bound with kid to match, and fastened with fancy buttons in the same colour, and look extremely well in black and green, black and blue, and black and white. As they are only half-a-crown and three-and-sixpence a pair, we can all venture to indulge in them. All the gloves are, in fact, sold at wholesale prices, and it makes a wonderful difference, I can assure you.

I must not forget to tell you that the London Glove Company also make a special feature of fans, though they are shown in even greater variety at their West-End branch, 83, New Bond Street. I was delighted with some beautiful natural ostrich-feather fans, with real tortoise-shell mounts, which were very cheap at £2 14s. 6d., while, to go to the other extreme, real ostrich-feather fans commence in price at nine shillings. Of course, there are all kinds of gauze fans, hand-painted and spangled, but those which struck me as being wonderfully effective, and just the thing for cinderellas or small dances, were only six shillings, and were made of cock's feathers, intermixed with swansdown in a novel and very pretty manner. For ladies who find it necessary to take fans to church, nothing could be better than the little telescope fans of black or white satin, which are sold at one shilling and ninepence. They are, even when open, very unobtrusive, and when shut they only occupy a tiny space. Then for summer use in the house, or when lazily luxuriating in a hammock, very pretty fans of hand-painted cambric are provided at half-a-crown. You can also get a splendid wind from them, and that is a very important recommendation. In fact, if you want to make your money go as far as possible, and yet to obtain pretty and good-wearing things, you can't do better than look in at 45A, Cheapside. I have come to that conclusion myself, and I am sure that you will do the same.

Ascot will bring out everybody's smartest gowns, and we can only hope that the weather will be kind to them, and reserve its best and most sunshiny smiles for the occasion. There is always the chance, however, that everybody's spirits and gowns will be damped by a downpour of rain, so it behoves us to be



ACT III.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S GOWNS.



ACT I.



MISS MAUDE MILLETT'S GOWNS.



PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

We are back at Westminster in loveliest June weather, and, oh! the weariness of it and all (Parliamentary) things! We have got to Clause 3 of the Bill—and there we seem likely to stay. We have disposed of about a page of amendments (in three days), and there are six long folio pages to come, and the list is growing every day. Of course, the clause is a vital one, for it declares the list of exceptions to the matters which the Irish Parliament can touch. But at the rate at which we are going we cannot be through with the Bill this side of Christmas. Under these circumstances, fervid Radicalism is getting very impatient. The talk in smoke-room, in lobby, on the terrace (what time the tea and strawberries flow), is all of drastic measures. One plan finds special favour. The Government are asked to name a day by which each clause is to be passed. This, of course, would need a separate motion in each clause, and every fresh debate would begin (and end) in a storm. At present, therefore, the Old Man holds his hand, and, I think, wisely. He shows much patience, some physical weariness, marvellous intellectual subtlety, a kind of wistful belief that the keen hounds who run hard on the scent will abate the chase.

) ANOTHER GLADSTONE-CHAMBERLAIN ENCOUNTER.

One other trait of the Old Man's leadership is very notable just now—his extreme anxiety to make all possible concessions. Amendment after amendment has been accepted, and is to be embodied in the Bill at a later stage. It is no secret that this process has gone too far to please the Irishmen and the Radicals. The most interesting, though not, perhaps, the most important concession was that announced on Thursday night over Mr. Wyndham's amendment reserving the Constabulary as an Imperial force. The discussion ranged chiefly over the suggestion of Sir Henry James and other Unionists that the Bill did not prevent the Dublin Parliament from practically re-establishing the Constabulary as an armed force under another name. Mr. Gladstone fenced with this section very prettily. But for once he met a blade of even keener thrust and more dexterous passing. Mr. Chamberlain showed all his great powers to perfection in the business of drawing the Old Man on from point to point, until at length the whole was conceded. Mild was his look, honeyed his accents, gently persuasive his whole tone and manner. The embittered orator, the *intransigent* leader of Unionism, became for the moment the pleading, persuasive statesman, making a demand in the tone and the language of the man who begs a favour. The strategy was completely successful. Mr. Gladstone has a strange aversion to a plain statement. Everything must be qualified, indirect, surrounded by a cloud of words; but the gentle pressure, applied with unerring skill, found its way through the Premier's armoury of rhetorical device at last. For once the Old Man was beaten. Mr. Balfour, with small dexterity and not a little brutality, drove home the victory in a rough phrase or two, and then Mr. Wyndham withdrew his amendment. It was, perhaps, the first great Opposition score. The Ministerial ranks were, undoubtedly, chagrined. It was a distinct retreat—not a victory of much strategical importance, but a skirmish of outposts, in which the opposing forces had driven in the Government's advanced guard.

THE BATTLE OF THE WHIPS.

Meanwhile, the smaller side of Parliamentary tactics absorbs much of the interest of the battle. It is a session of divisions. Never in my remembrance have there been so many. The consequence is that the best whipped party wins. On the whole, the score has been on the side of Mr. Marjoribanks, who, from an affable Scottish gentleman, has suddenly developed into a real power with his party, and a Parliamentary strategist who is at least the equal of the late W. P. Adam. Mr. Akers-Douglas is also an admirable strategist, but he has been heavily handicapped. The rule, therefore, has been that the Government majority has risen above, rather than sunk below, its normal figures. One day, however, since the meeting after the recess the Liberals were caught napping. There had been a sudden change of Parliamentary arrangements, which meant an early division—that is, at eleven o'clock instead of, say, a quarter to twelve. It is, of course, the business of members to ascertain precisely the hour when they are wanted back, and to arrange for pairs accordingly, and it was the business of the whips to impress on each man who passed through the swing doors out of the House that he must be back to the minute. But this time the staid Gladstonian was on a mild frolic of his own. The time, for once, was carelessly marked, and, alas! a dozen or so Gladstonians disporting at Lady Aberdeen's reception in Princes' Hall slipped back to find the division lobby doors shut in their face, and the Government majority fallen at a bound to twenty-one. Great was the consternation, pitiless the wrath of the victims, many of whom had stayed in the House while the few flighty ones were away. Mr. Marjoribanks wisely decided to avoid the dangerous and unpopular expedient of black-listing. A caution, and the thing passed over. But it won't occur again.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor begs to inform correspondents that so many stories and articles have already reached him that his stock is sufficient to last for many months. Any other MSS. are, therefore, unnecessary.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The House settled down to Home Rule again on Tuesday last week, with the cheerful prospect of going on without stopping for the next seven or eight weeks. There have been rumours of strong measures for the purpose of shortening this period, but they may be thoroughly disbelieved in. A good many Radicals would like to force the Bill through, and get done with it, knowing that it will be rejected in the House of Lords. If they did not know this, they would want to talk and amend it as much as anybody. It is almost a pity the Lords cannot tell Mr. Gladstone they mean to pass the Bill just as it goes up. They can't, of course, because they have a duty to perform to the country. But it would make him feel rather uncomfortable, and these hasty Radicals, and, above all, the gagged Irishmen, a little more cautious.

LIGHTENING THE SHIP.

But no gagging of discussion will be attempted by Mr. Gladstone; not, that is, unless some wholly unnecessary obstruction calls in some isolated instance for it. The discussions on Lord Wolmer's two amendments last week, thoroughly justified as Mr. Gladstone admitted them to be, might show how utterly void of any aspect of mere obstruction the legitimate criticism of the details of the Bill must be, and, at the same time, how lengthy. No; but I should not be in the least surprised if Mr. Gladstone "lightened the ship," after all, in another way. It may not be generally understood that Mr. Gladstone has a very difficult task in piloting the Bill through, and just now it is made peculiarly difficult, as regards rushing it, at any rate. For one thing alone, the financial clauses have been postponed, in order to be entirely recast on the fresh statistics which are now being slowly prepared. Now, it is useful in one way to Mr. Gladstone to have those clauses postponed. He is able to say, as he did on Lord Wolmer's first amendment, in answer to any criticism which involves the spending of money, that it should be reserved till the financial clauses are touched.

WILL MR. GLADSTONE SHELVE THE BILL?

For some such move as this I have myself prepared readers of *The Sketch* some time ago. Whether it be the question of the financial clauses or whether it be the question of excluding Ulster from the Bill, I have always expected that rather than disappoint all his Radical friends, who are looking out for their own legislation, Mr. Gladstone would find some plausible excuse for letting the Home Rule Bill wait. Be it noticed that if he postpones discussion either because the financial clauses are not ready, or because the retention clause does not suit his party, or because the exclusion of Ulster would not be accepted by the Nationalists, he will be able to say that he does so against any wish of his own, and solely through the force of circumstances. He would please his own party, the Irish Nationalists would have to put up with it, the Tories, he might very well say, ought to be pleased. And let these two facts be marked: (1) that Mr. Bryce at Aberdeen (Mr. Bryce, remember, is the author of the Bill, and very much "in the know" about it) taunted the Tories with obstructing the Bill, because they feared the rest of the programme—that looks like a bid for their angry denial, in order that they might be forced afterwards to accepting its postponement. And (2) Sir George Trevelyan, at the Women's Federation, said that 1893, come what might, should see a great social measure passed (he meant the Parish Councils Bill), which would be impossible if Home Rule were not disposed of by some other means than allowing its discussion to go on to the bitter end.

THE PROGRESS OF DEBATE.

Meanwhile, Clause 3, with its ninety and odd amendments, has had a fair innings. As regards the *personnel* of the debate, it is worth noticing that Mr. Balfour has been a good deal more to the front as regards leadership, and that the Tory attendance (though I do not want to insist upon this alone as the cause) was so much better than, unlike the discussion just before Whitsuntide, when Mr. Chamberlain was so much to the fore, the division list has shown distinctly in our favour. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain has put the Liberal Unionist cause into the hands of Lord Wolmer. The speeches which Lord Wolmer made last week have distinctly advanced his position in the House. A little earlier in the session he was rather under a cloud, owing to the row between him, the *Times*, and the Irish Nationalists over the "mercenaries" episode. But this son of Lord Selborne's is a very able man, and his argumentative speeches on the Irish Votes in Supply and the position of the Viceroy made a distinct impression on Mr. Gladstone.

AN INSTRUCTIVE EPISODE.

The debate on Thursday was interrupted for a motion by Mr. Arnold Forster that the House adjourn for the consideration of the increase of crime in Clare, Kerry, and Limerick. The Irish Secretary had to admit that crime had increased. But there was one instructive episode in the debate. Mr. Tim Healy could not keep quiet. It has been a sore trial to him to bottle up his eloquence on the Home Rule Bill, but on this motion he absolutely could not hold his tongue. So he intervened with a bitter attack on the Irish judges. It was a characteristic display of venom. A rule of the House prohibits comment on the judges of the land, but Mr. Healy did his best to evade the repeated warnings of the Speaker, and denounced the whole "set of political judges" with his usual freedom. A nice look-out this for the judicial Bench under Home Rule.